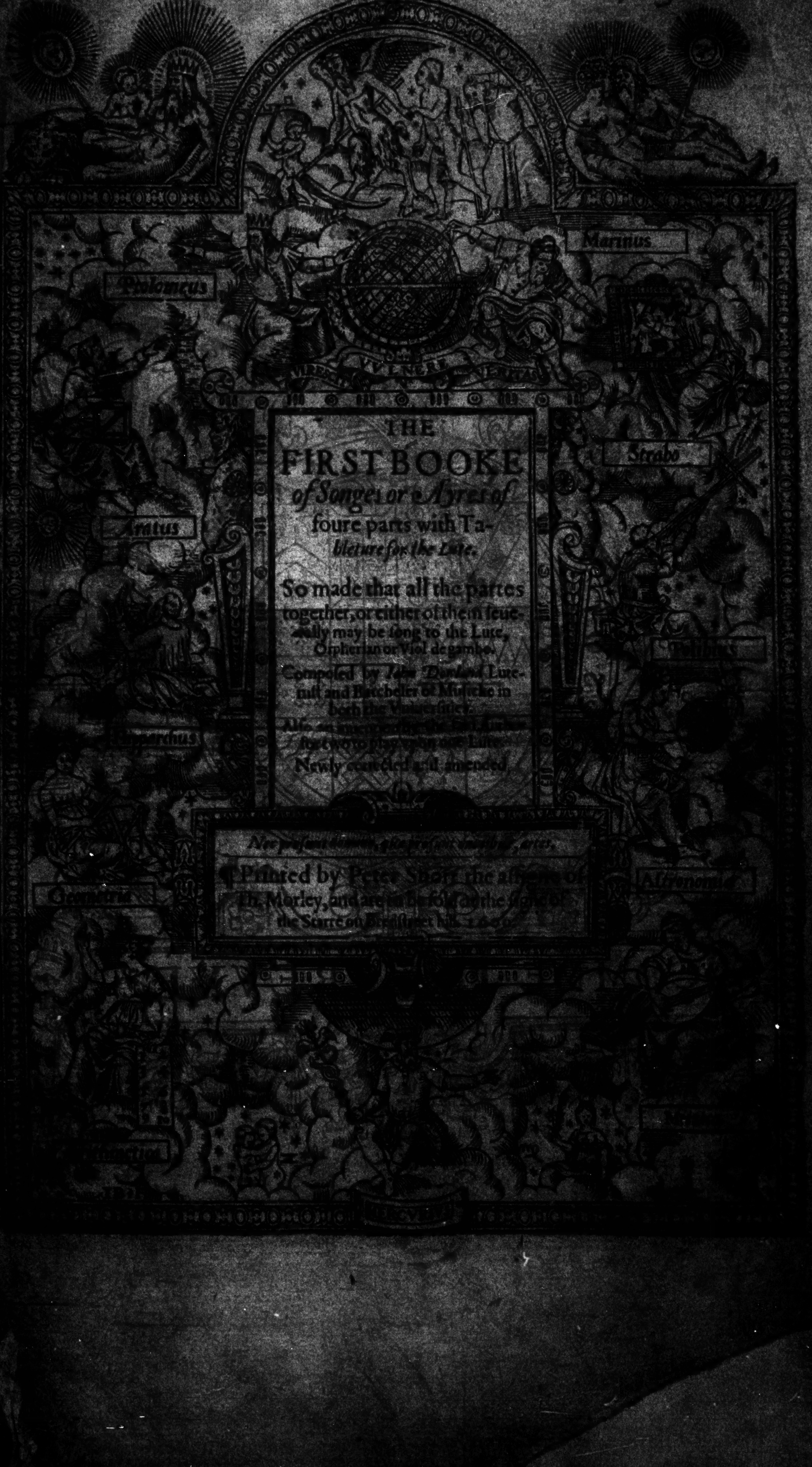
K.2.i.5
1-3


VIRESCIT VVLNERE VERITAS
Ptolomeus
Marinus
Strabo
Aratus
Polibius
Hipparchus
Geometria
Astronomia
Arithmetica

THE FIRST BOOKE *of Songes or Ayres of* foure parts with Tableture for the Lute.

So made that all the partes together, or either of them ſeuerally may be ſong to the Lute, Orpherian or Viol de gambo.

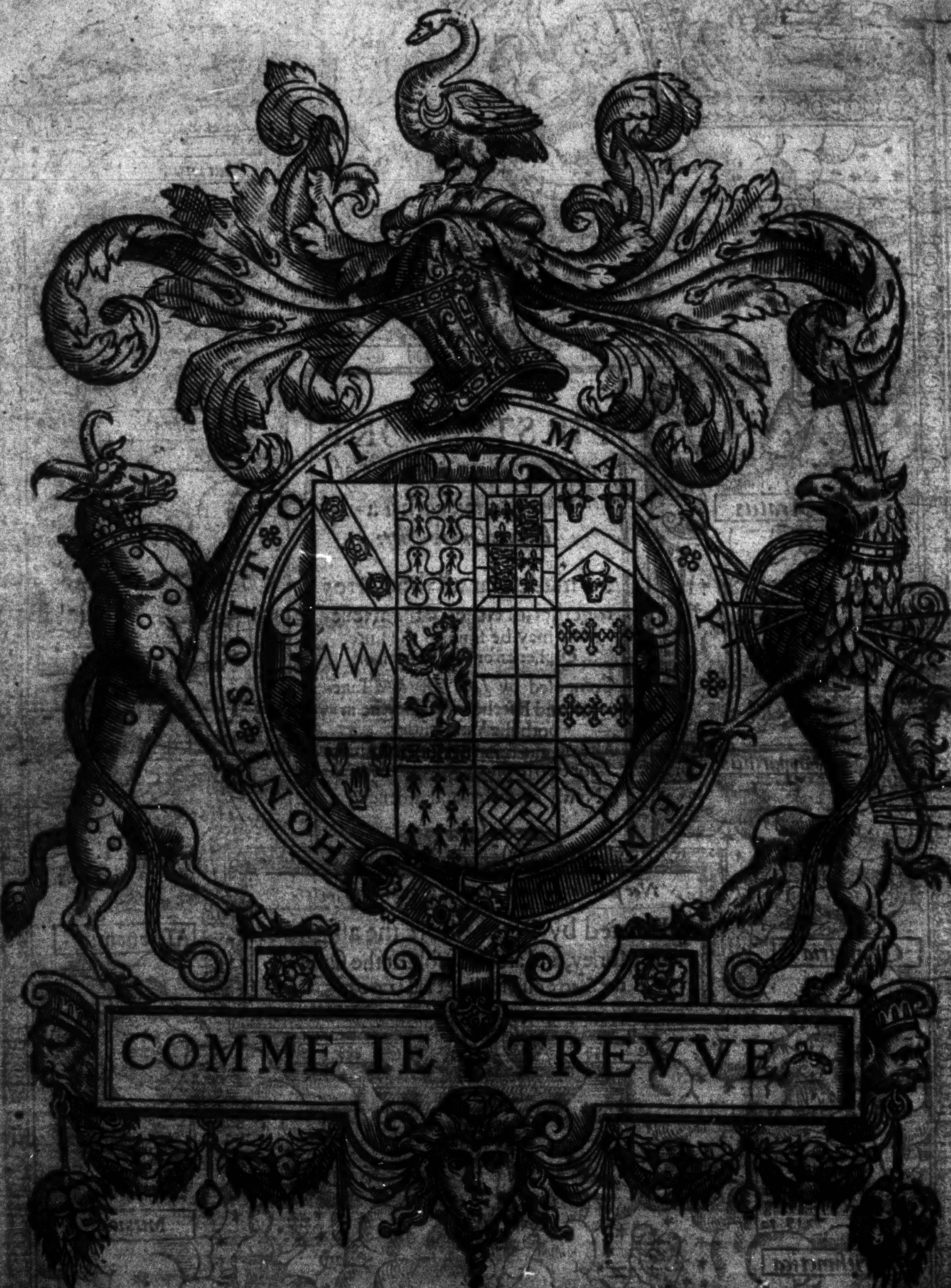
Compoſed by *Iohn Dowland* Lutenist and Batcheler of Muſicke in both the Vniuerſities.

Alſo an inuention by the ſaid Author for two to play vpon one Lute.

Newly corrected and amended.

Nec proſunt domino, quæ proſunt omnibus, artes.

¶ Printed by Peter Short the aſſigne of
Th. Morley, and are to be ſold at the ſigne of
the Starre on Bredſtreet hill. 1600.


HONI SOIT QVI MAL Y PENSE
COMME IE TREVVE

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR GEORGE CAREY, OF THE MOST HONORABLE ORDER OF THE GARTER KNIGHT.

Baron of Hunſdon, Captaine of her Maieſties gentlemen Penſioners,
Gouernor of the Iſle of Wight, Lieutenant of the countie of South:
Lord Chamberlaine of her Maieſties moſt Royall houſe, and of
her Highnes moſt honorable priuie Counſell.

THAT harmony (Right honorable) which is ſkilfullie expreſt by Inſtruments, albeit, by reaſon of the variety of number & proportion of it ſelfe, it eaſily ſtirs vp the minds of the hearers to admiration and delight, yet for higher authority and power hath been euer worthily attributed to that kind of Muſicke, which to the ſweetnes of inſtrument applies the liuely voice of man, expreſſing ſome worthy ſentence or excellent Poeme. Hence (as all antiquity can witneſſe) firſt grew the heauenly Art of muſicke: for Linus Orpheus *and the reſt, according to the number and time of their Poemes, firſt framed the numbers and times of muſicke: So that* Plato *defines melody to conſiſt of harmony, number and wordes; harmony naked of it ſelfe: wordes the ornament of harmony, number the common friend and vniter of them both. This ſmall booke containing the conſent of ſpeaking harmony, ioined with the moſt muſicall inſtrument the Lute, being my firſt labour, I haue preſumed to dedicate to your Lordſhip, who for your vertue and nobility are beſt able to protect it, & for your honorable fauors towards me, beſt deſeruing my duety and ſeruice. Beſides your noble inclination and loue to all good Arts, and namely the deuine ſcience of muſicke, doth challenge the patronage of all learning, then which no greater title can be added to Nobility. Neither in theſe your honours may I let paſſe the dutifull remembrance of your vertuous Lady my honourable miſtris, whoſe ſingular graces towards me haue added ſpirit to my vnfortunate labours. What time and diligence I haue beſtowed in the ſearch of Muſicke, what trauell in forreine countries, what ſucceſſe and eſtimation euen amongſt ſtrangers I haue found, I leaue to the report of others. Yet all this in vaine were it not that your honourable hands haue vouchſaft to vphold my poore fortunes, which I now wholy recommend to your gratious protection, with theſe my firſt endeuors, humbly beſeeching you to accept and cheriſh them with your continued fauours.*

Your Lordſhips moſt humble ſeruant,
Iohn Dowland.

To the courteous Reader.

HOW hard an enterpriſe it is in this ſkilfull and curious age to commit our priuate labours to the publike vievv, mine owne diſability, and others hard ſucceſſe do too vvel aſſure me: and vvere it not for that loue I beare to the true louers of muſicke, I had conceald theſe my firſt fruits, which how they wil thriue with your taſte I know not, howſoeuer the greater part of them might haue been ripe inough by their age. The Courtly iudgement I hope wil not be ſeuere againſt them, being it ſelfe a party, and thoſe ſweet ſprings of humanity (I meane our two famous Vniuerſities) wil entertain them for his ſake, whome they haue already grac't, and as it were enfranchiſd in the ingenuous profeſſion of Muſicke, which from my childhood *I* haue euer aymed at, ſundry times leauing my natiue country, the better to attain ſo excellent a ſcience. About ſixteene yeres paſt, *I* trauelled the chiefeſt parts of France, a nation furniſht with great variety of Muſicke: But lately, being of a more confirmed iudgement, *I* bent my courſe toward the famous prouinces of Germany, where *I* found both excellent maſters, and moſt honorable Patrons of muſicke: Namely, thoſe two miracles of this age for vertue and magnificence, *Henry Julio* Duke of *Brunſwick*, and learned *Maritius Lantzgraue* of *Heſſen*, of whoſe princely vertues & fauors towards me *I* can neuer ſpeake ſufficiently. Neither can *I* forget the kindnes of *Alexandro Horologio*, a right learned maſter of muſicke, ſeruant to the royall Prince the *Lantzgraue* of *Heſſen*, & *Gregorio Howet* Luteniſt to the magnificent Duke of *Brunſwick*, both whom *I* name as well for their loue to me, as alſo for their excellency in their faculties. Thus hauing ſpent ſome moneths in Germany, to my great admiration of that worthy country, *I* paſt ouer the Alpes into *Italy*, where *I* found the Citties furniſht with all good Artes, but eſpecially muſicke. What fauour and eſtimation *I* had in *Venice, Padua, Genoa, Ferrara, Florence*, & diuers other places *I* willingly ſuppreſſe, leaſt *I* ſhould any way ſeeme partiall in mine owne indeuours. Yet can *I* not diſſemble the great content *I* found in the proferd amity of the moſt famous *Luca Marenzio*, whoſe ſundry letters *I* receiued from Rome, and one of them, becauſe it is but ſhort, *I* haue thought good to ſet downe, not thinking it any diſgrace to be proud of the iudgement of ſo excellent a man.

Multo Magnifico Signior mio oſſeruandiſſimo.

PEr vna lettera del Signior Alberigo Maluezi ho inteſo quanto con corteſe affetto ſi moſtri deſideroſo di eſſermi congionto d'amicitia, doue infinitamente la ringratio di queſto ſuo buon' animo, offerendomegli all' incontro ſe in alcuna coſa la poſſo ſeruire, poi che gli meriti delle ſue infinite virtù, & qualità meritano che ogni vno & me l'ammirino & oſſeruino, & per fine di queſto le baſcio le mani. Di Roma à 13. di Luglio. 1595.

D. V. S. Affettionatiſſimo ſeruitore,

Luca Marenzio.

Not to ſtand too long vpon my trauels, I will only name that worthy maiſter *Giouanni Crochio* Vicemaſter of the chappel of S. Marks in *Venice*, with whome I had familiar conference. And thus what experience I could gather abroad, I am now readie to practiſe at home, if I may but find encouragement in my firſt aſſaies. There haue been diuers Lute-leſſons of mine lately printed without my knowledge, falſe and vnperfect, but I purpoſe ſhortly my ſelfe to ſet forth the choiſeſt of all my Leſſons in print, and alſo an introduction for fingering, with other bookes of Songs, whereof this is the firſt: and as this findes fauor with you, ſo ſhall I be affected to labor in the reſt. *Farewell.*

John Dowland.

Tho. Campiani Epigramma de inſtituto Authoris.

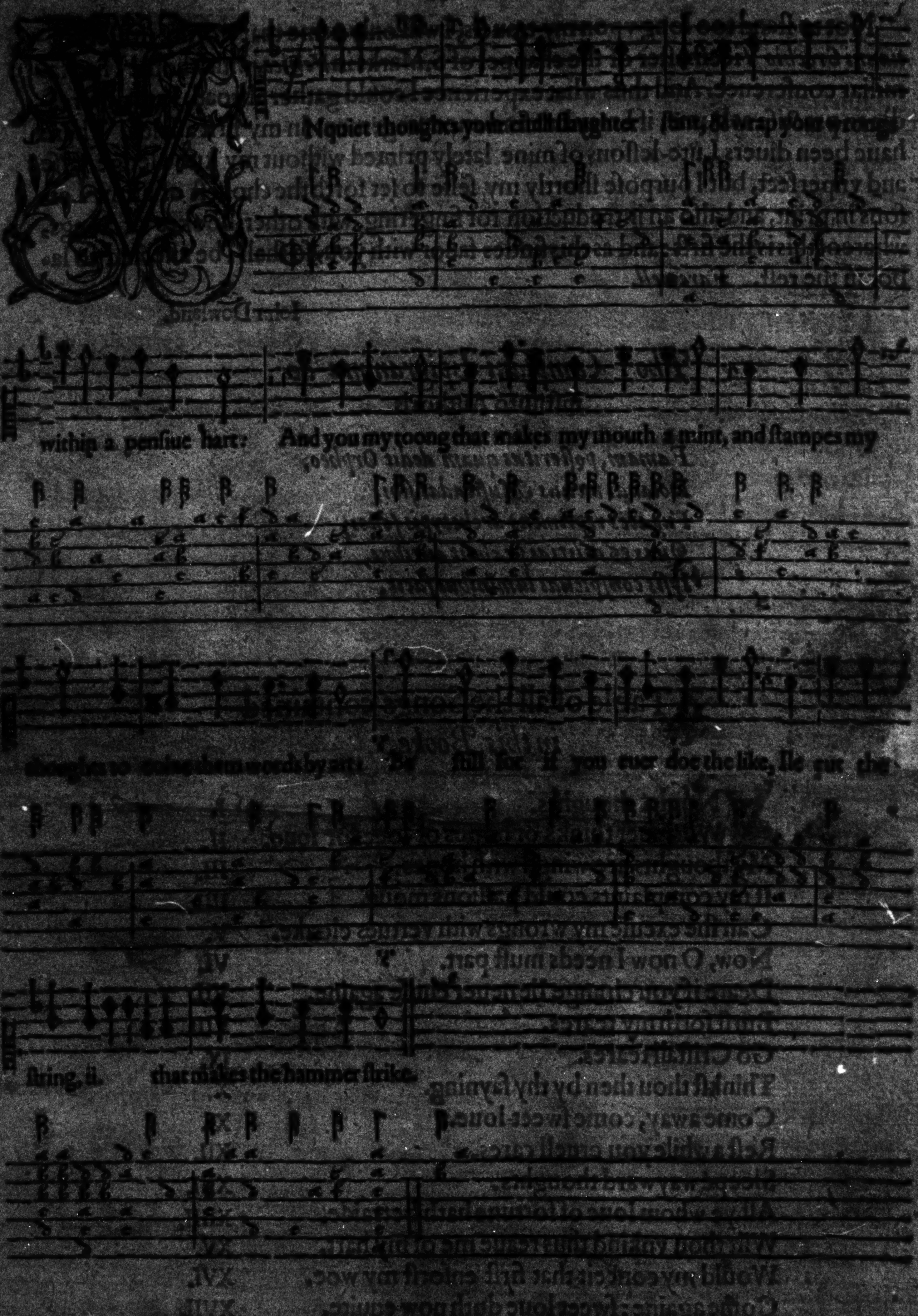
Famam, poſteritas quam dedit Orpheo,
Dolandi melius Muſica dat ſibi,
Fugaces reprimens archetypis ſonos;
Quas & delitias præbuit auribus,
Ipſis conſpicuas luminibus facit.

A Table of all the Songs contained *in this Booke.*

Vnquiet thoughts.	I.
Who euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue.	II.
My thoughts are wingd with hopes.	III.
If my complaints could paſsions moue.	IIII.
Can ſhe excuſe my wrongs with vertues cloake.	V.
Now, O now I needs muſt part.	VI.
Deare if you change Ile neuer chuſe againe.	VII.
Burſt forth my teares.	VIII.
Go Criſtall teares.	IX.
Thinkſt thou then by thy fayning.	X.
Come away, come ſweet loue.	XI.
Reſt a while you cruell cares.	XII.
Sleepe wayward thoughts.	XIII.
All ye whom loue or fortune hath betraide.	XIIII.
Wilt thou vnkind thus reaue me of my hart.	XV.
Would my conceit that firſt enforſt my woe.	XVI.
Come againe: ſweet loue doth now enuite.	XVII.
His goulden locks time hath to ſiluer turnd.	XVIII.
Awake ſweet loue thou art returnd.	XIX.
Come heauy ſleepe.	XX.
Away with theſe ſelfe louing lads.	XXI.

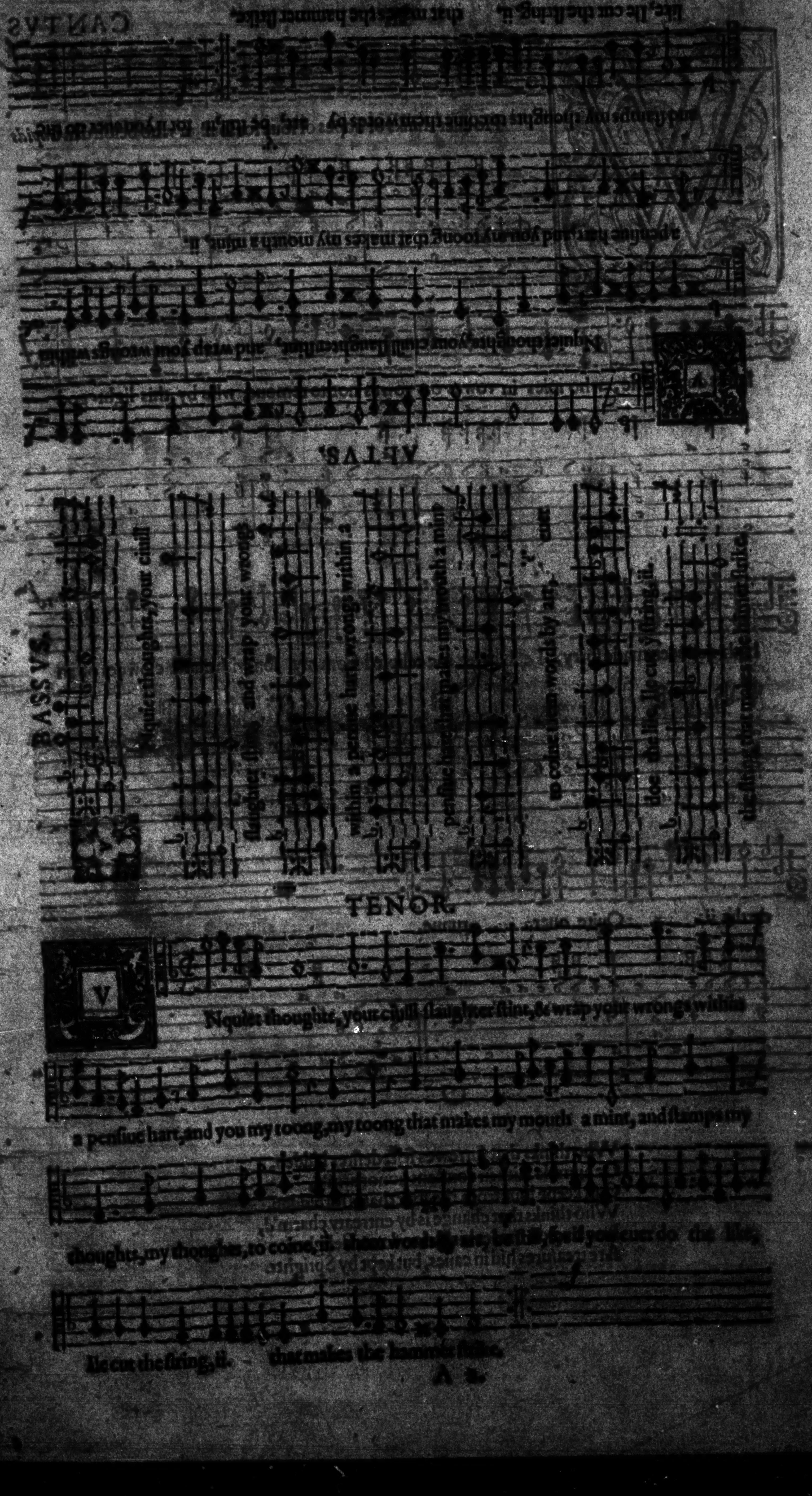
A Galliard for two to play vpon one Lute at the end of the booke.

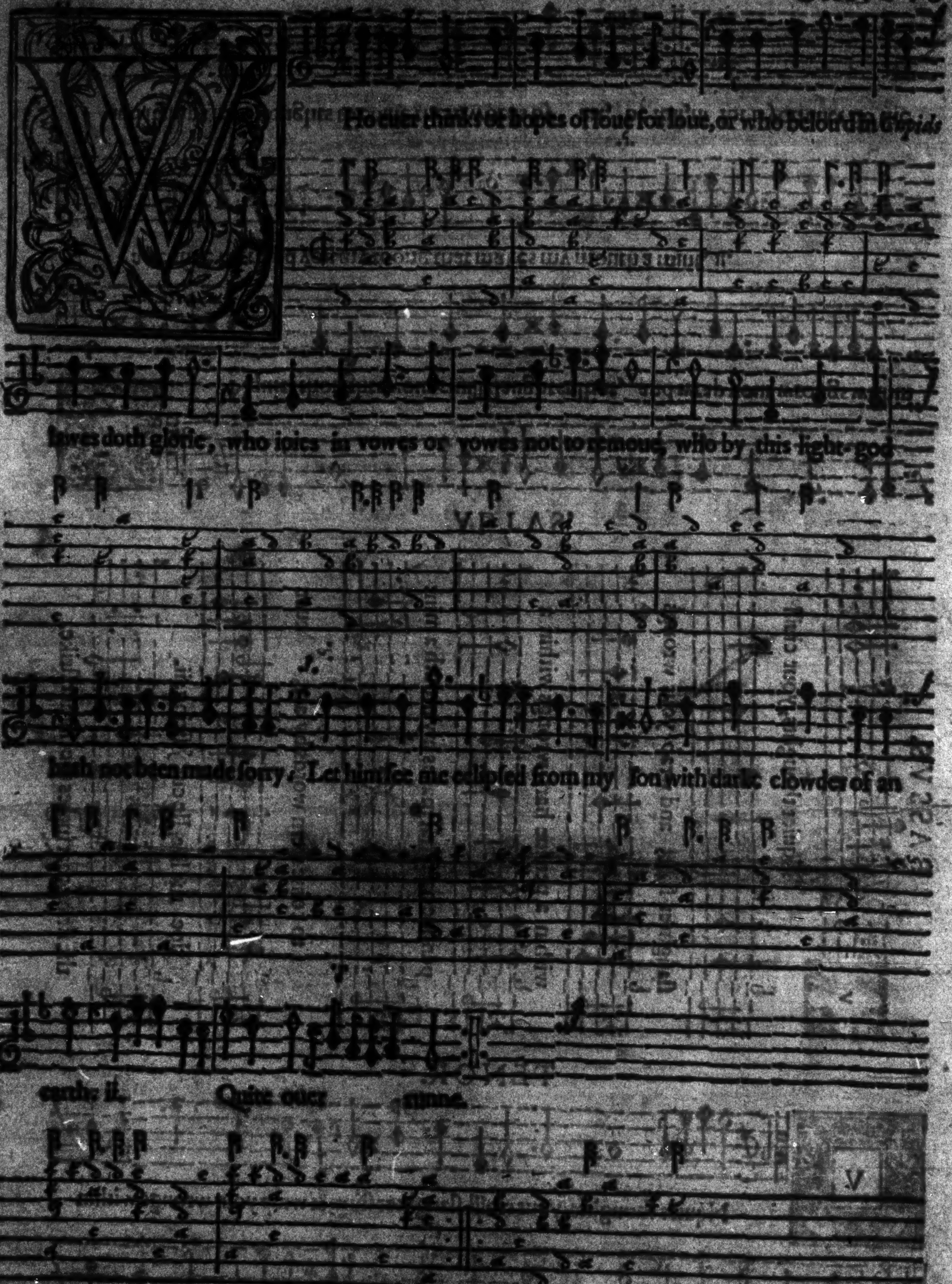
I.


Nquiet thoughts your ciuill slaughter stint, & wrap your wrongs
within a pensiue hart: And you my toong that makes my mouth a mint, and stampes my
thoughts to coine them words by arte: Be still for if you euer doe the like, Ile cut the
string, ii. that makes the hammer strike.

But what can stay my thoughts they may not start,
Or put my toong in durance for to die?
When as these eies the keies of mouth and hart
Open the locke where all my loue doth lie,
Ile seale them vp within their lids for euer,
So thoughts & words and looks shal die together.

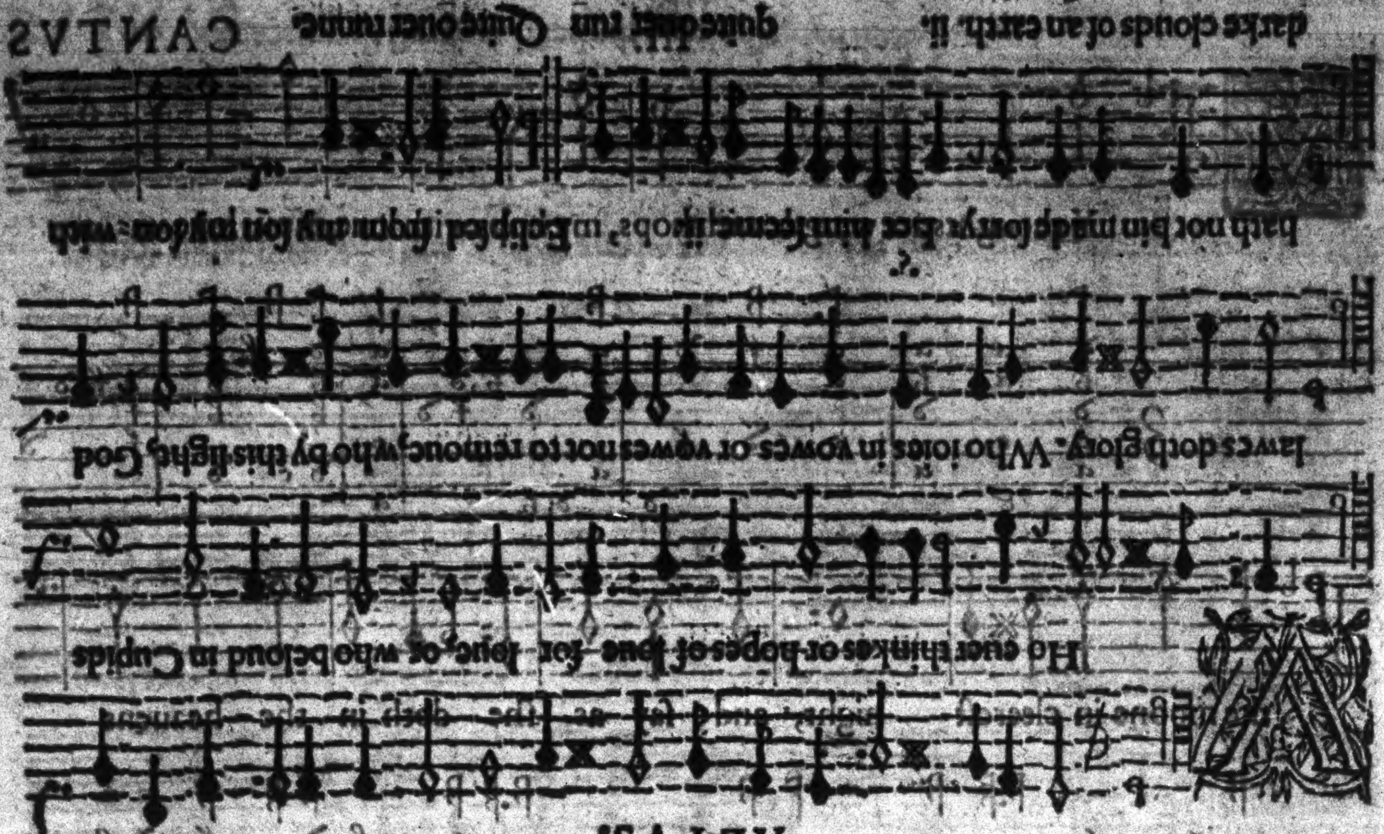
How shall I then gaze on my mistresse eies?
My thoughts must haue some vent els hart will breake,
My toong would rust as in my mouth it lies,
If eies and thoughts were free and that not speake.
Speake then and tell the passions of desire,
Which turnes mine eies to floods, my thoghts to fire.


CANTVS
ALTVS.
BASSVS.
TENOR
V
Nquiet thoughts, your ciuill ſlaughter ſtint, & wrap your wrongs within
a penſiue hart, and you my toong, my toong that makes my mouth a mint, and ſtamps my
thoughts, my thoughtes, to coine, ii. them wordes by arte, be ſtill, for if you euer do the like,
Ile cut the ſtring, ii. that makes the hammer ſtrike.

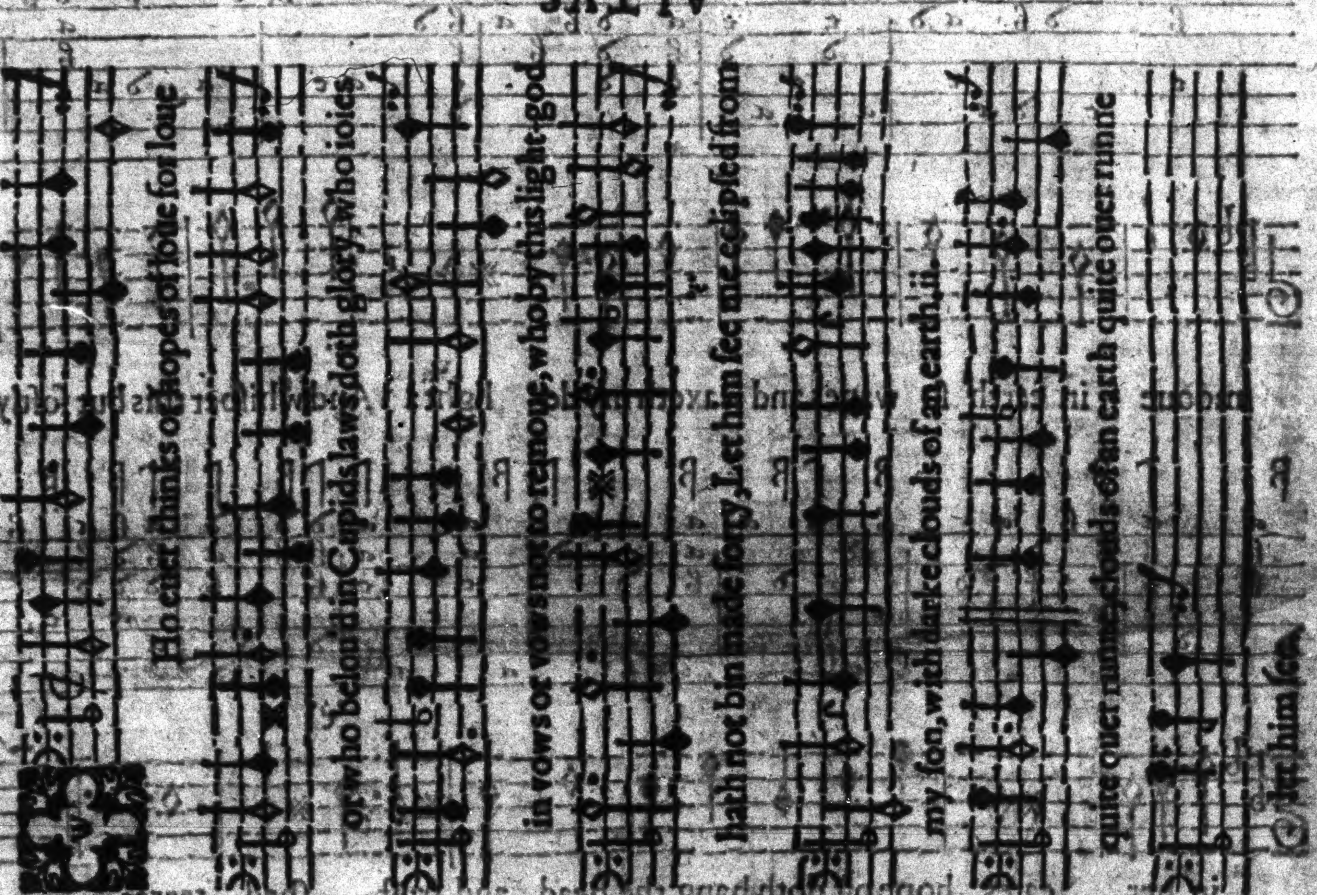

Ho euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue, or who belou'd in Cupids
lawes doth glorie, who ioies in vowes or vowes not to remoue, who by this light god
hath not been made ſorry, Let him ſee me eclipſed from my ſon with darke clowdes of an
earth. ii. Quite ouer runne.

VVho thinks that ſorrowes felt, deſires hidden,
Or humble faith in conſtant honor arm'd,
Can keepe loue from the fruit that is forbidden,
VVho thinks that change is by entreaty charm'd,
Looking on me let him know, loues delights
Are treaſures hid in caues, but kept by Sprights.

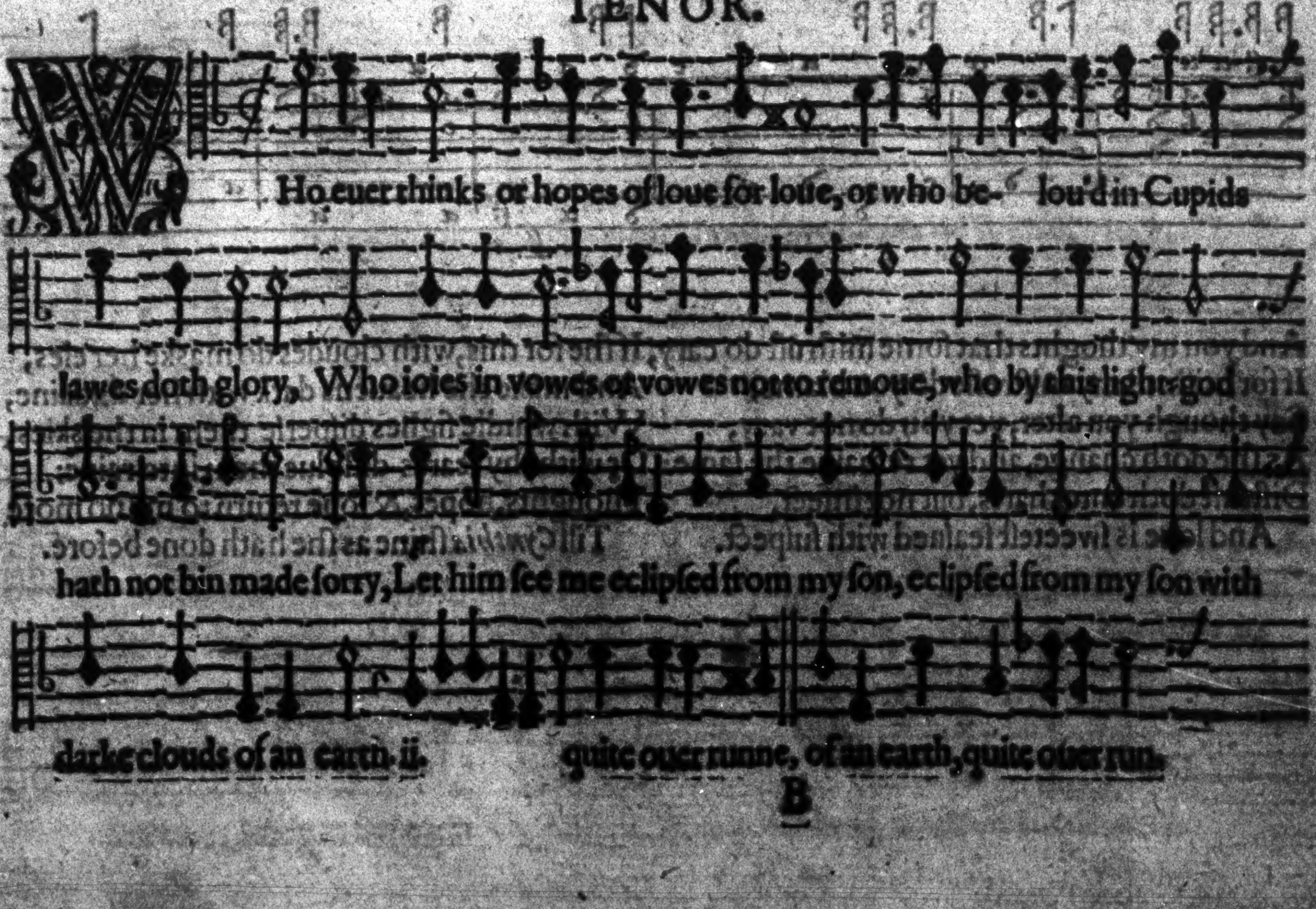
ALTUS.

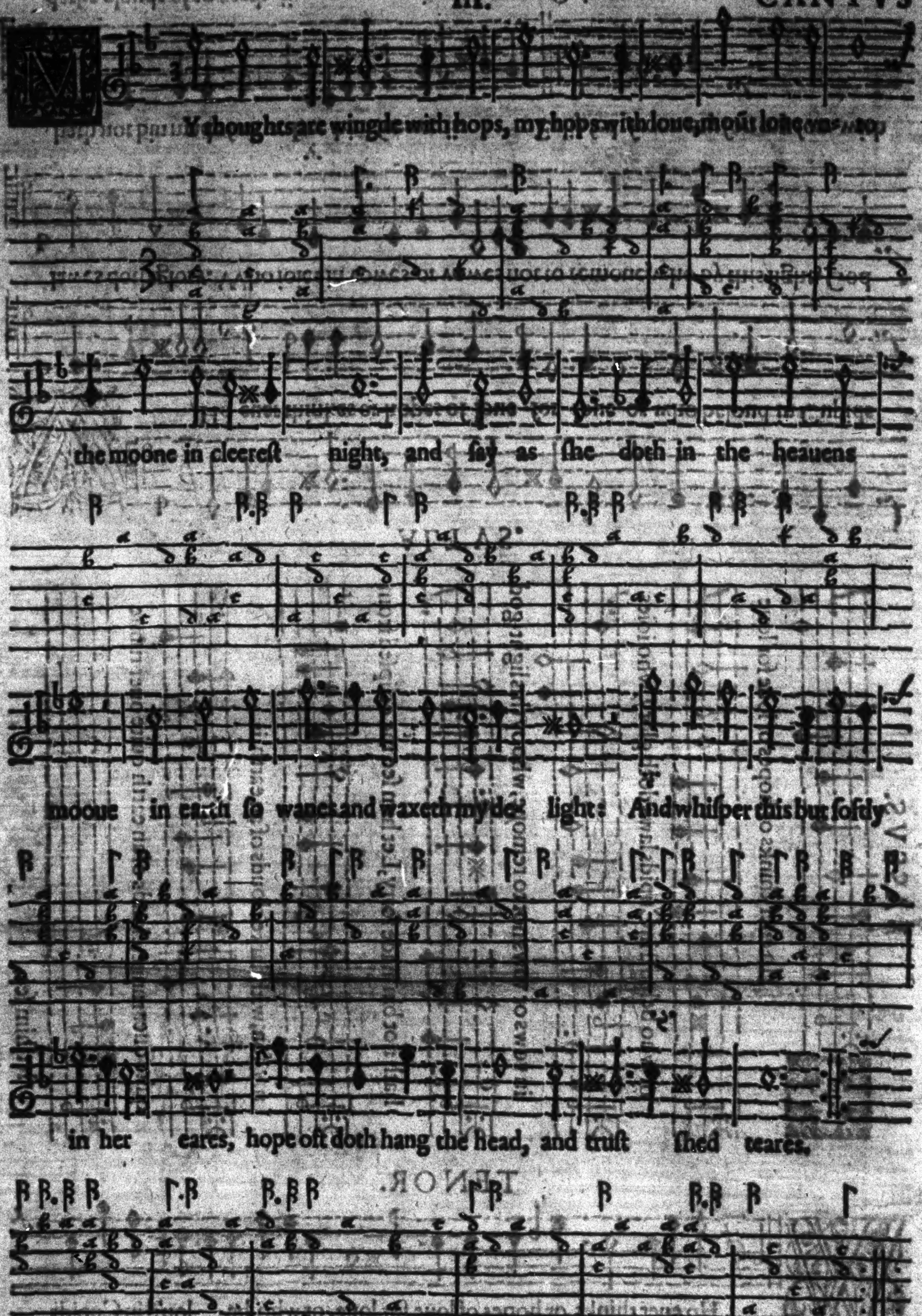

Who euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue, or who belou'd in Cupids
lawes doth glory. Who ioies in vowes or vowes not to remoue, who by this light God
hath not bin made sorry, Let him see me eclipsed from my son, with
darke clouds of an earth. ii. quite ouer runne. Quite ouer run.

BASSUS.


Who euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue
or who belou'd in Cupids lawes doth glory, Who ioies
in vowes or vowes not to remoue, who by this light god
hath not bin made sorry, Let him see me eclipsed from
my son, with darke clouds of an earth. ii.
quite ouer runne, quite ouer runne of an earth quite ouer runne
Let him see.

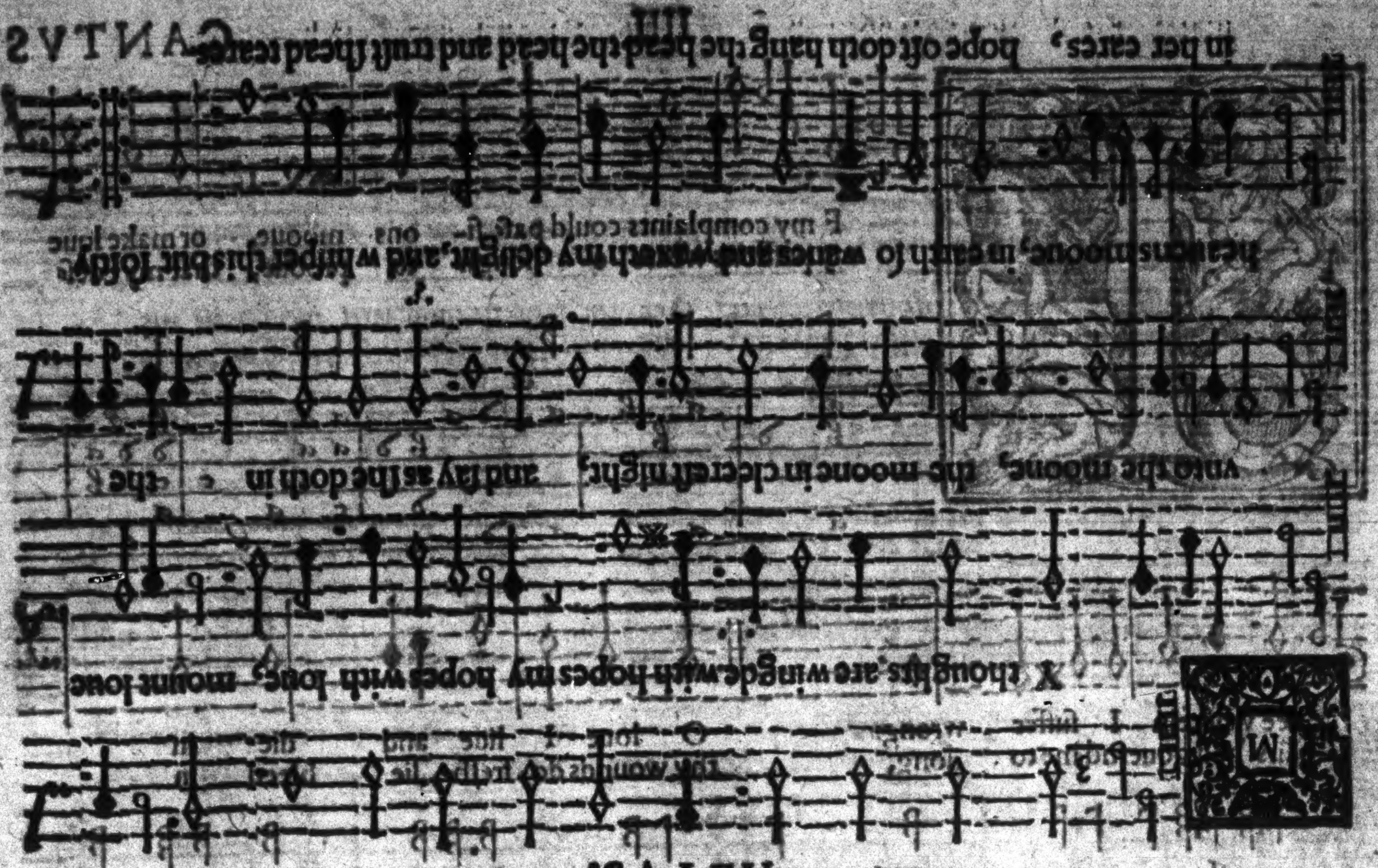
TENOR.

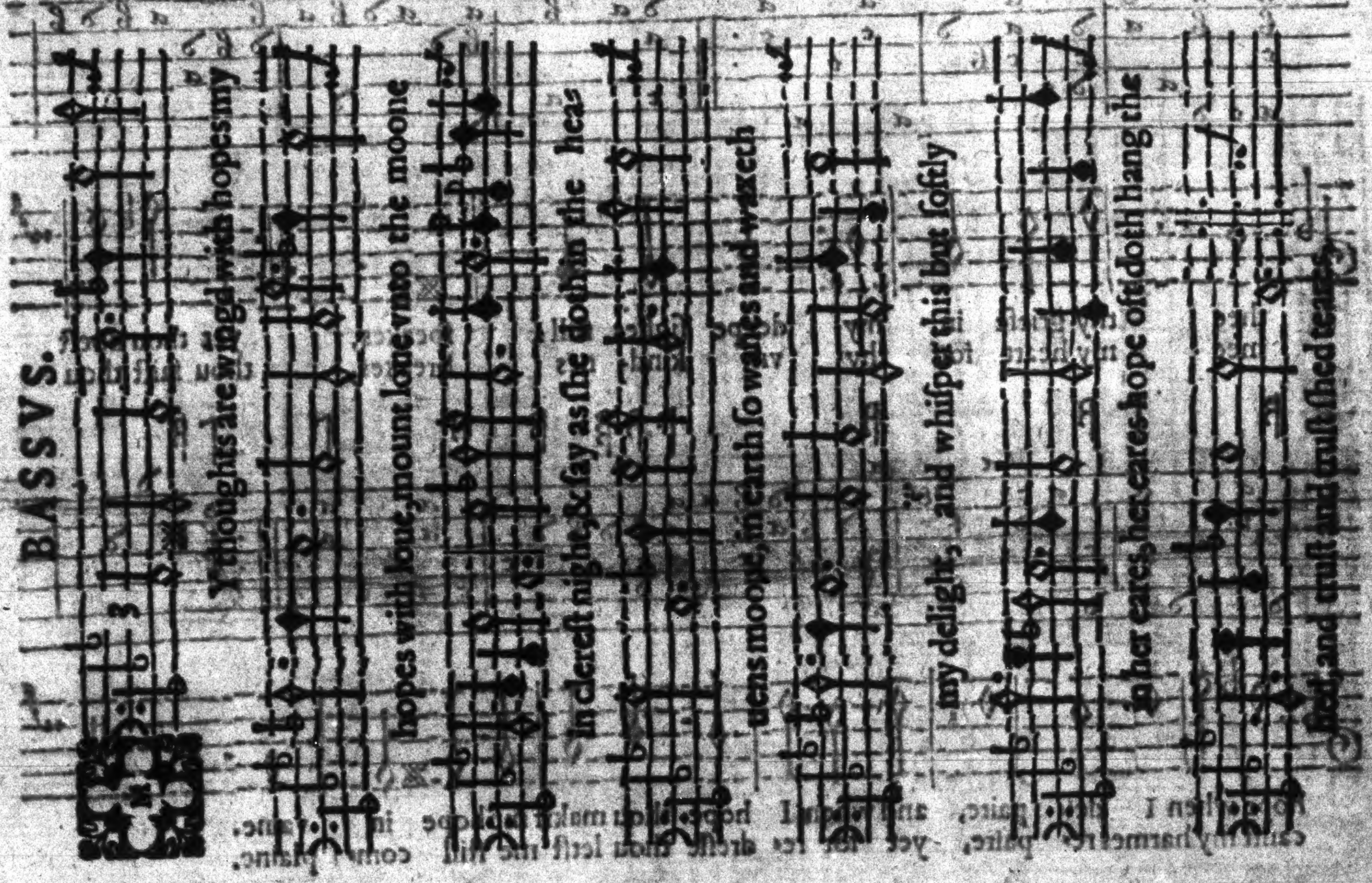

Who euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue, or who be- lou'd in Cupids
lawes doth glory, Who ioies in vowes or vowes not to remoue, who by this light god
hath not bin made sorry, Let him see me eclipsed from my son, eclipsed from my son with
darke clouds of an earth. ii. quite ouer runne, of an earth, quite ouer run.


My thoughts are wingde with hops, my hops with loue, mount loue vnto
the moone in cleereſt night, and ſay as ſhe doth in the heauens
moue in earth ſo wanes and waxeth my delight: And whiſper this but ſoftly
in her eares, hope oft doth hang the head, and truſt ſhed teares.

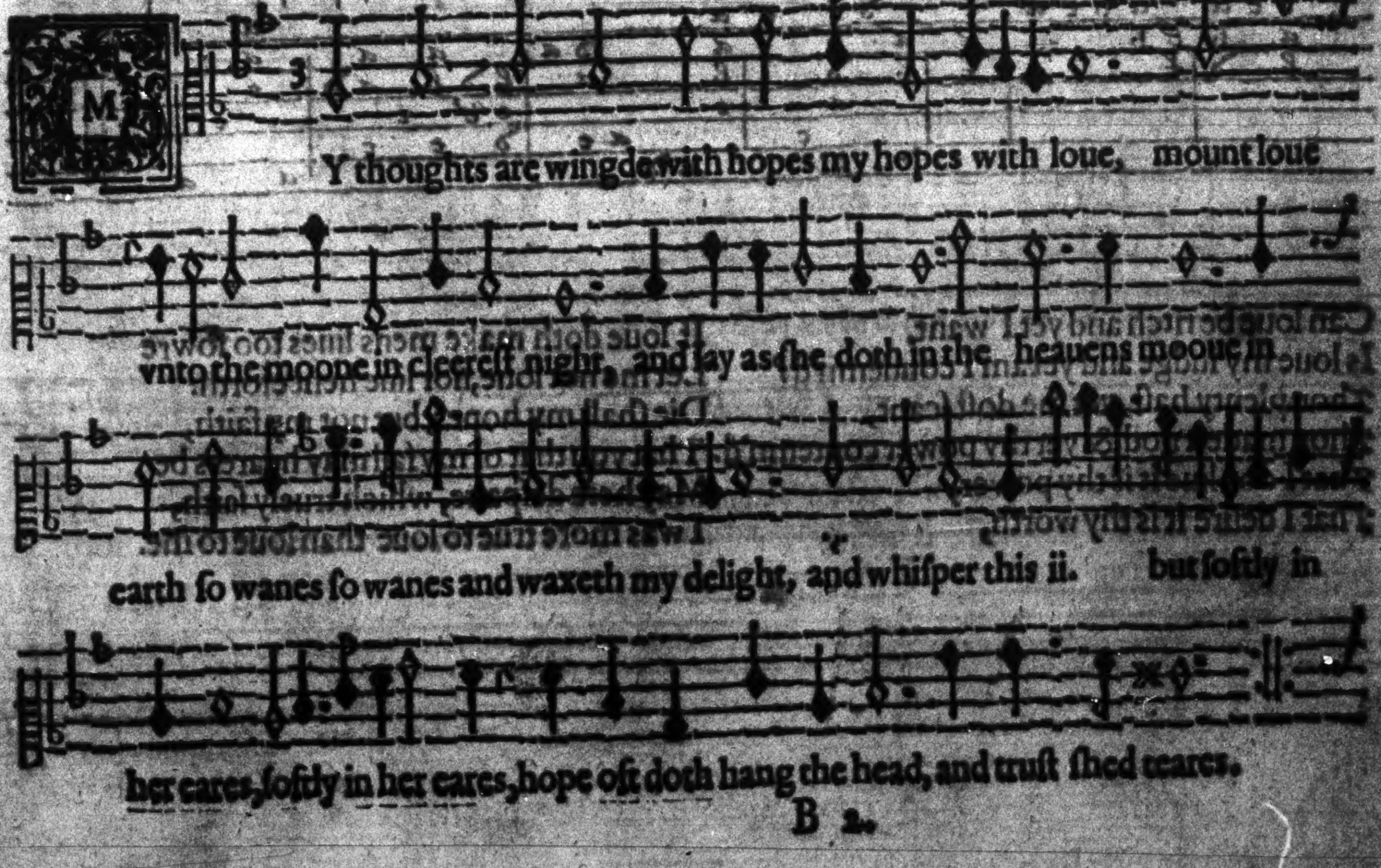
And you my thoghts that ſome miſtruſt do cary,
If for miſtruſt my miſtreſſe do you blame,
Say though you alter, yet you do not vary,
As ſhe doth change, and yet remaine the ſame:
Diſtruſt doth enter harts, but not infect,
And loue is ſweeteſt ſeaſned with ſuſpect.

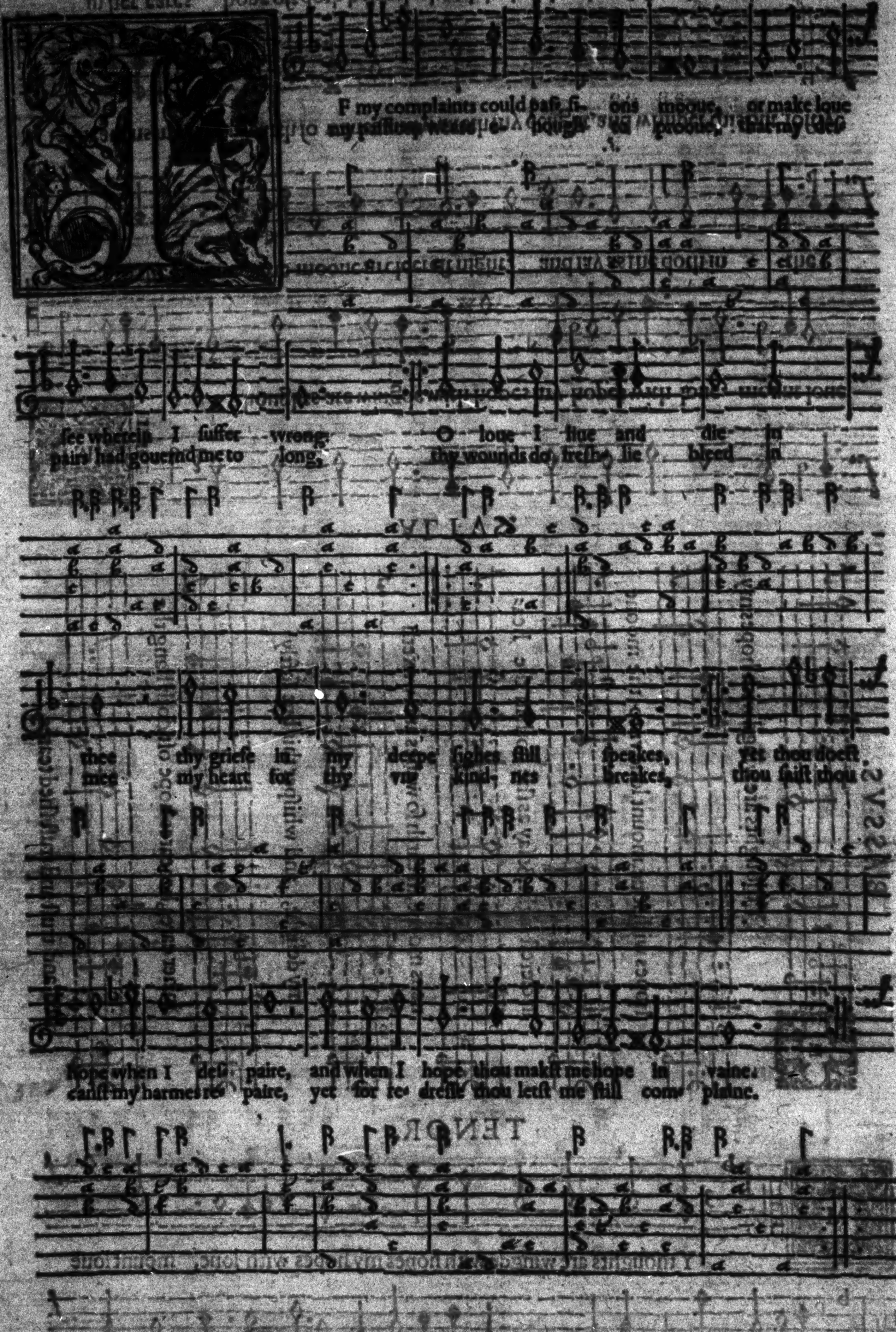
If ſhe for this, with cloudes do maske her eies,
And make the heauens dark with her diſdaine,
With windie ſighes diſperſe them in the ſkies,
Or with thy teares diſſolue them into raine;
Thoughts, hopes, & loue return to me no more
Till *Cynthia* ſhine as ſhe hath done before.


ALTVS.
III
My thoughts are wingde with hopes my hopes with loue, mount loue
vnto the moone, the moone in cleerest night, and say as she doth in the
heauens moone, in earth so wanes and waxeth my delight, and whisper this but softly
in her eares, hope oft doth hang the head and trust shed teares
CANTVS


BASSVS.
My thoughts are wingd with hopes my
hopes with loue, mount loue vnto the moone
in cleerest night, & say as she doth in the hea-
uens moone, in earth so wanes and waxeth
my delight, and whisper this but softly
in her eares, her eares, hope oft doth hang the
head, and trust and trust shed teares.

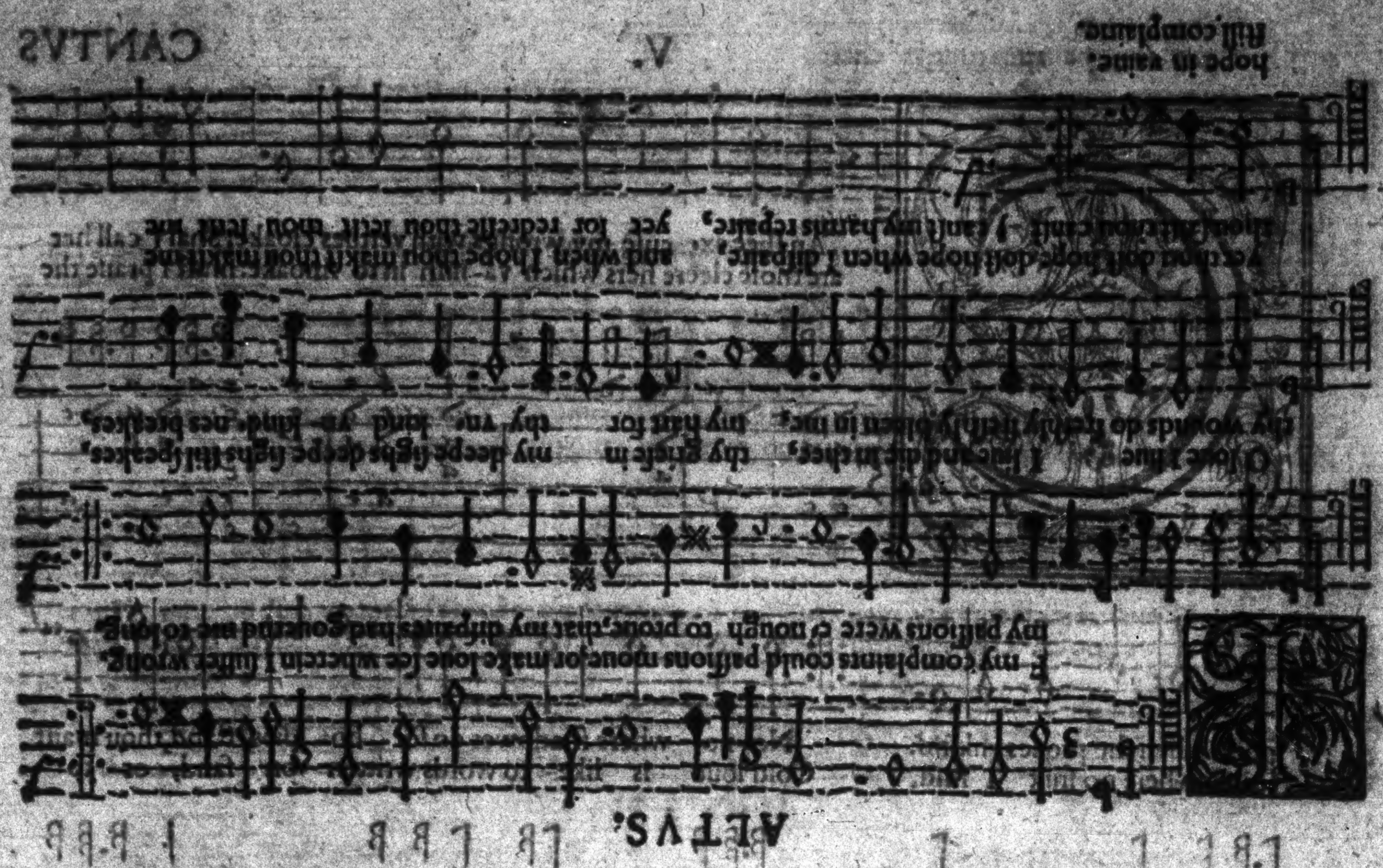
TENOR.

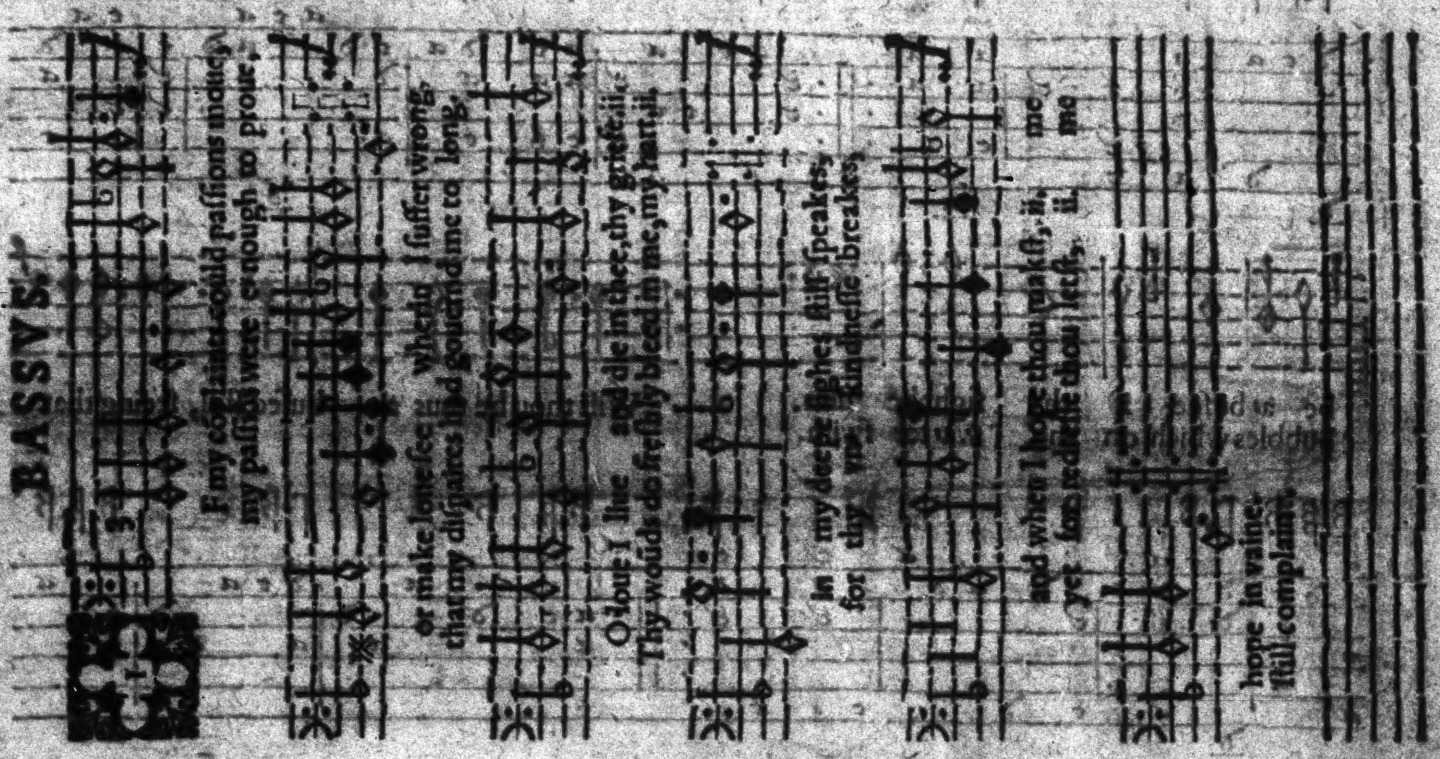

My thoughts are wingde with hopes my hopes with loue, mount loue
vnto the moone in cleerest night, and say as she doth in the heauens moone in
earth so wanes so wanes and waxeth my delight, and whisper this ii. but softly in
her eares, softly in her eares, hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shed teares.


F my complaints could paſſi- ons mooue, or make loue
my paſſions were e- nough to prooue, that my deſ-
ſee whereïn I ſuffer wrong: O loue I liue and die in
paire had gouernd me to long, thy wounds do freſhly bleed in
thee thy griefe in my deepe ſighes ſtill ſpeakes, yet thou doeſt
mee my heart for thy vn- kind- nes breakes, thou ſaiſt thou
hope when I deſ- paire, and when I hope thou makſt me hope in vaine.
canſt my harmes re- paire, yet for re- dreſſe thou letſt me ſtill com- plaine.

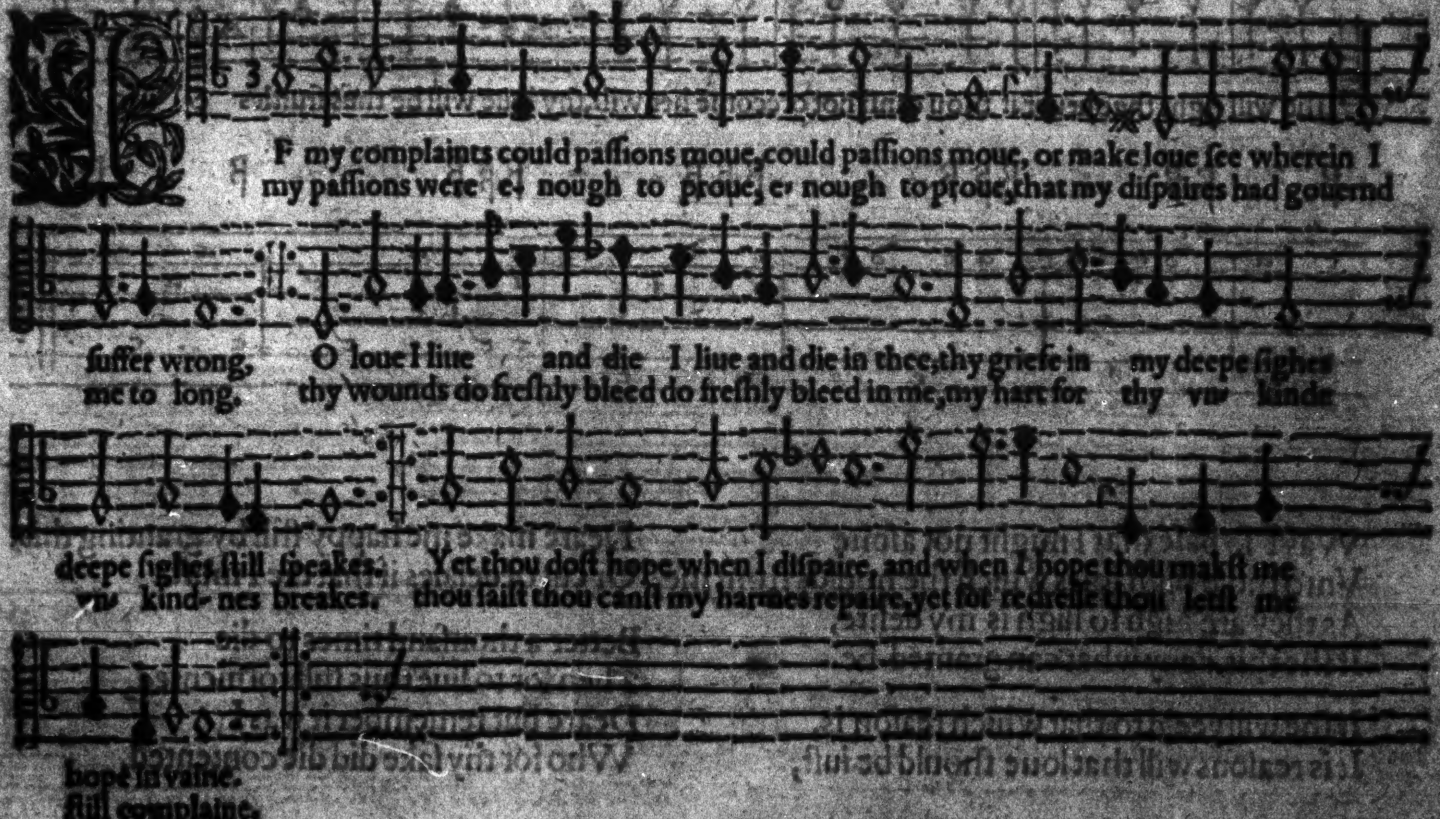
Can loue be ritch and yet I want,
Is loue my iudge and yet am I condemn'd?
Thou plenty haſt, yet me doſt ſcant,
Thou made a god, & yet thy power contemn'd.
That I doe liue it is thy power,
That I deſire it is thy worth,

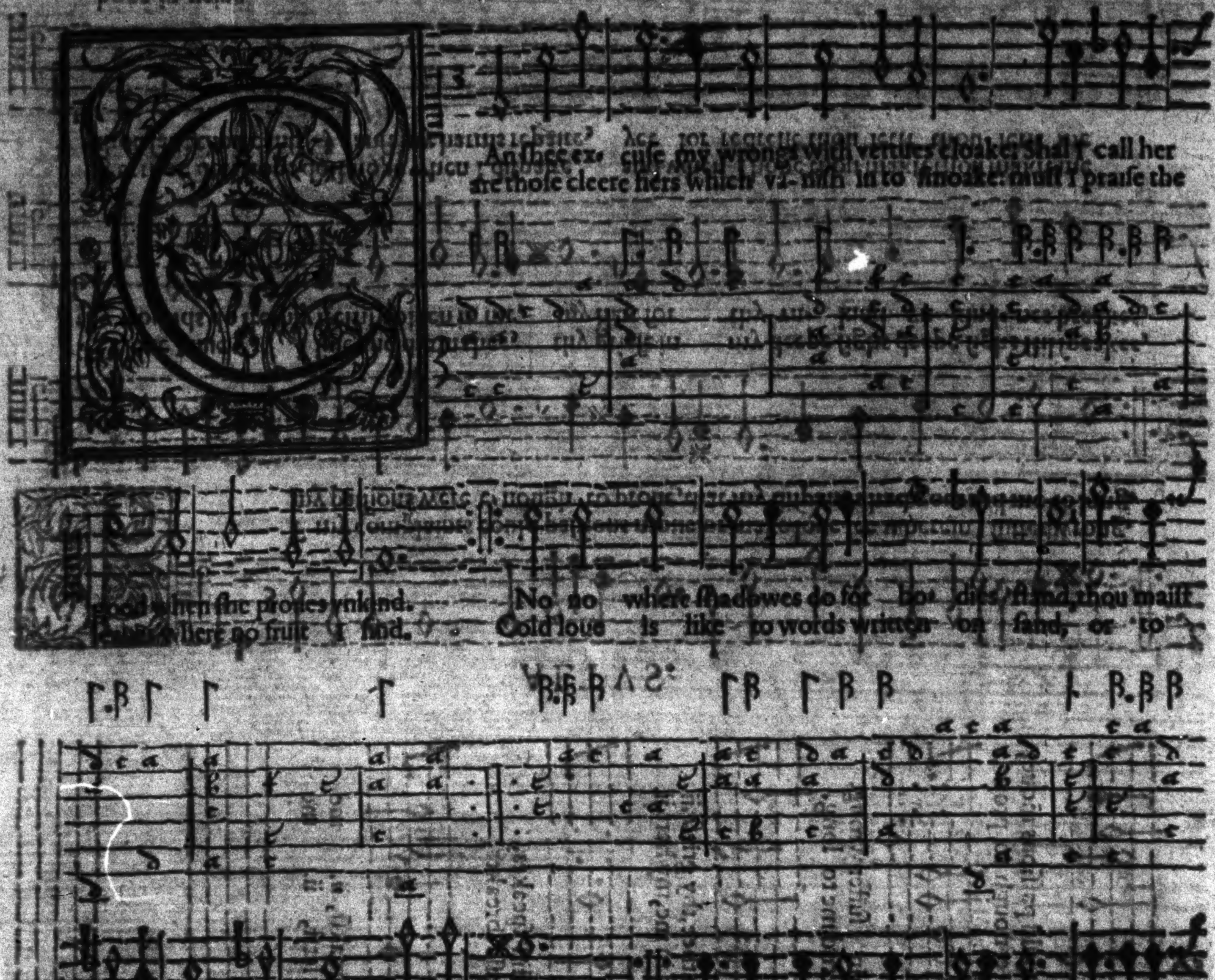
If loue doth make mens liues too ſowre
Let me not loue, nor liue henceforth:
Die ſhall my hopes, but not my faith,
That you that of my fall may hearers be
May here deſpaire, which truely ſaith,
I was more true to loue than loue to me.


CANTVS
V.
ALTVS.


BASSVS.

TENOR.


IF my complaints could passions moue, could passions moue, or make loue see wherein I
my passions were e- nough to proue, e- nough to proue, that my dispaires had gouernd
suffer wrong, O loue I liue and die I liue and die in thee, thy griefe in my deepe sighes
me to long, thy wounds do freshly bleed do freshly bleed in me, my hart for thy vn- kinde
deepe sighes still speakes. Yet thou dost hope when I dispaire, and when I hope thou makst me
vn- kind- nes breakes. thou saist thou canst my harmes repaire, yet for redresse thou letst me
hope in vaine.
still complaine.

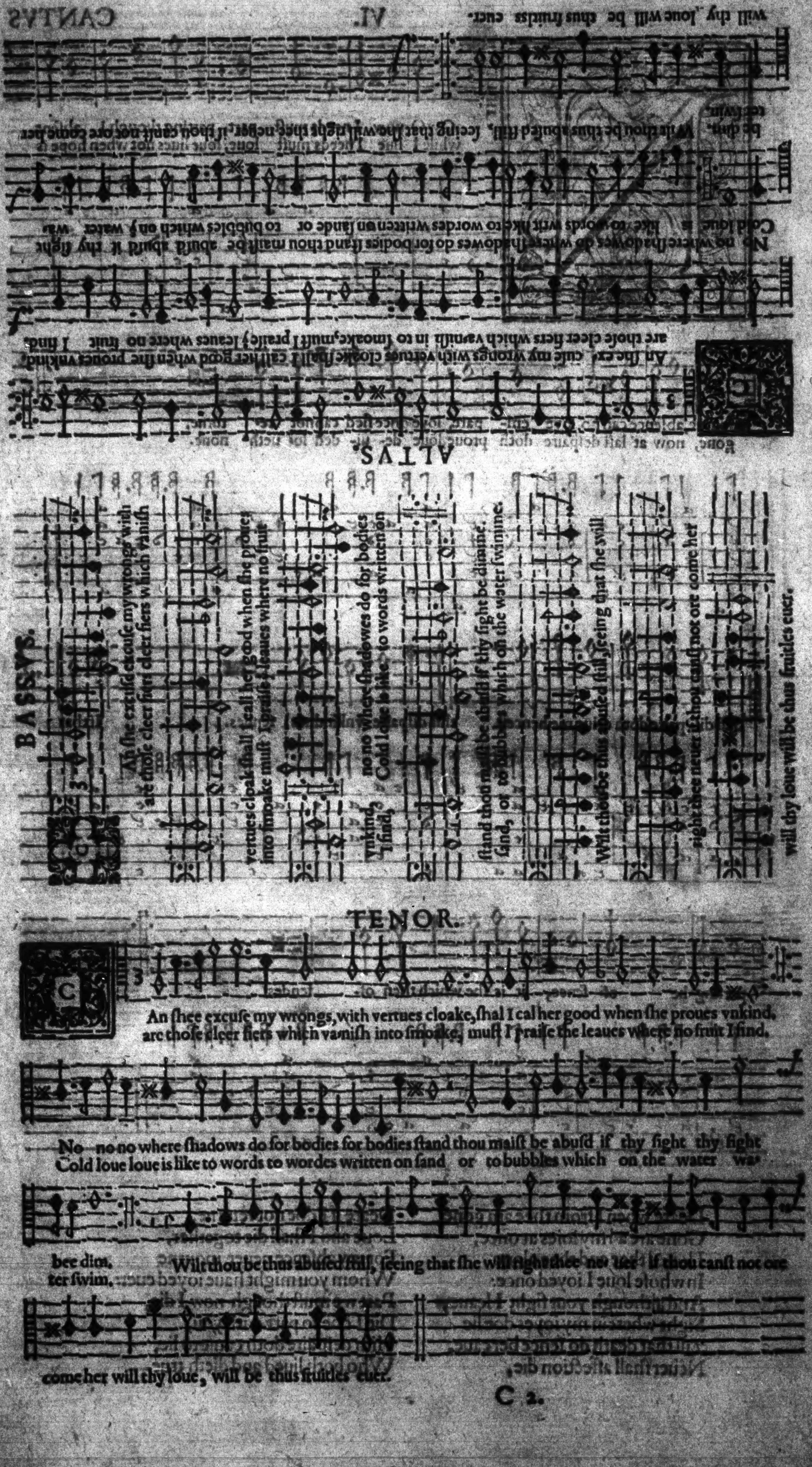

an ſhee ex- cuſe my wrongs with vertues cloake: ſhall I call her
are thoſe cleere fiers which va- niſh in to ſmoake: muſt I praiſe the
good when ſhe proues vnkind.
leaues where no fruit I find.
No no where ſhadowes do for bo- dies ſtand, thou maiſt
Cold loue is like to words writ- ten on ſand, or to
be a- buſde if thy ſight be dim.
bubbles which on the water ſwim.
Wilt thou be thus a- buſed ſtill, ſeeing that
ſhe will right thee neuer if thou canſt not orecome her will, thy loue will be thus fruitles e- uer.

Was I ſo baſe that I might not aſpire
Vnto thoſe high ioies which ſhe houlds from me,
As they are high ſo high is my deſire,
If ſhe this deny what can granted be.

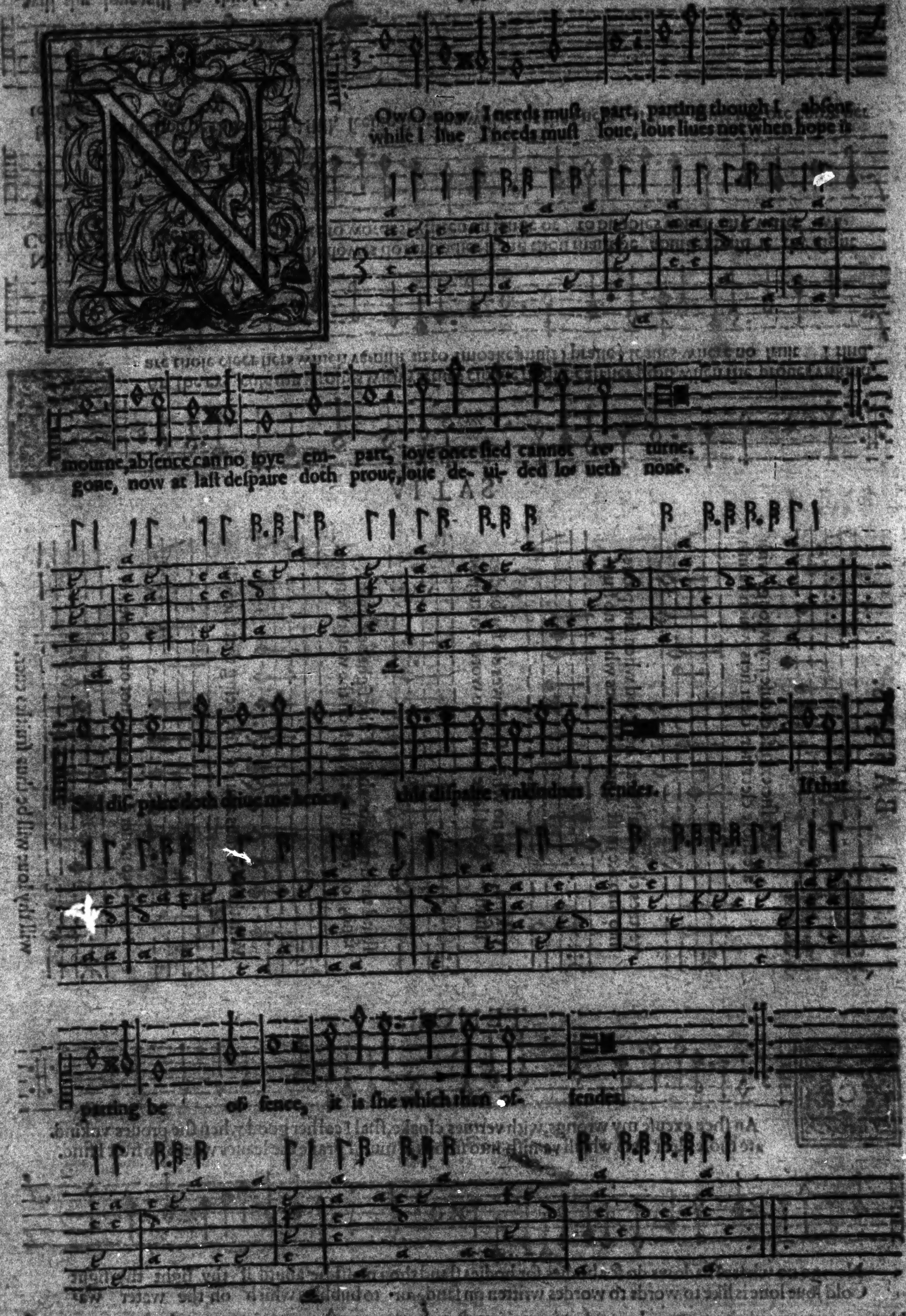
If ſhe will yeeld to that which reaſon is,
It is reaſons will that loue ſhould be iuſt,

Deare make me happy ſtill by granting this,
Or cut of delaies if that die I muſt.

Better a thouſand times to die,
Then for to liue thus ſtill tormented,
Deare but remember it was I
Who for thy ſake did die contented.


CANTUS
VI.
ALTUS
BASSUS
TENOR.
An shee excuse my wrongs, with vertues cloake, shal I cal her good when she proues vnkind,
are those cleer fiers which vanish into smoake, must I praise the leaues where no fruit I find.
No no no where shadows do for bodies for bodies stand thou maist be abusd if thy sight thy sight
Cold loue loue is like to words to wordes written on sand or to bubbles which on the water wa-
bee dim. Wilt thou be thus abused still, seeing that she will right thee ne- uer if thou canst not ore
ter swim.
come her will thy loue, will be thus fruitles euer.

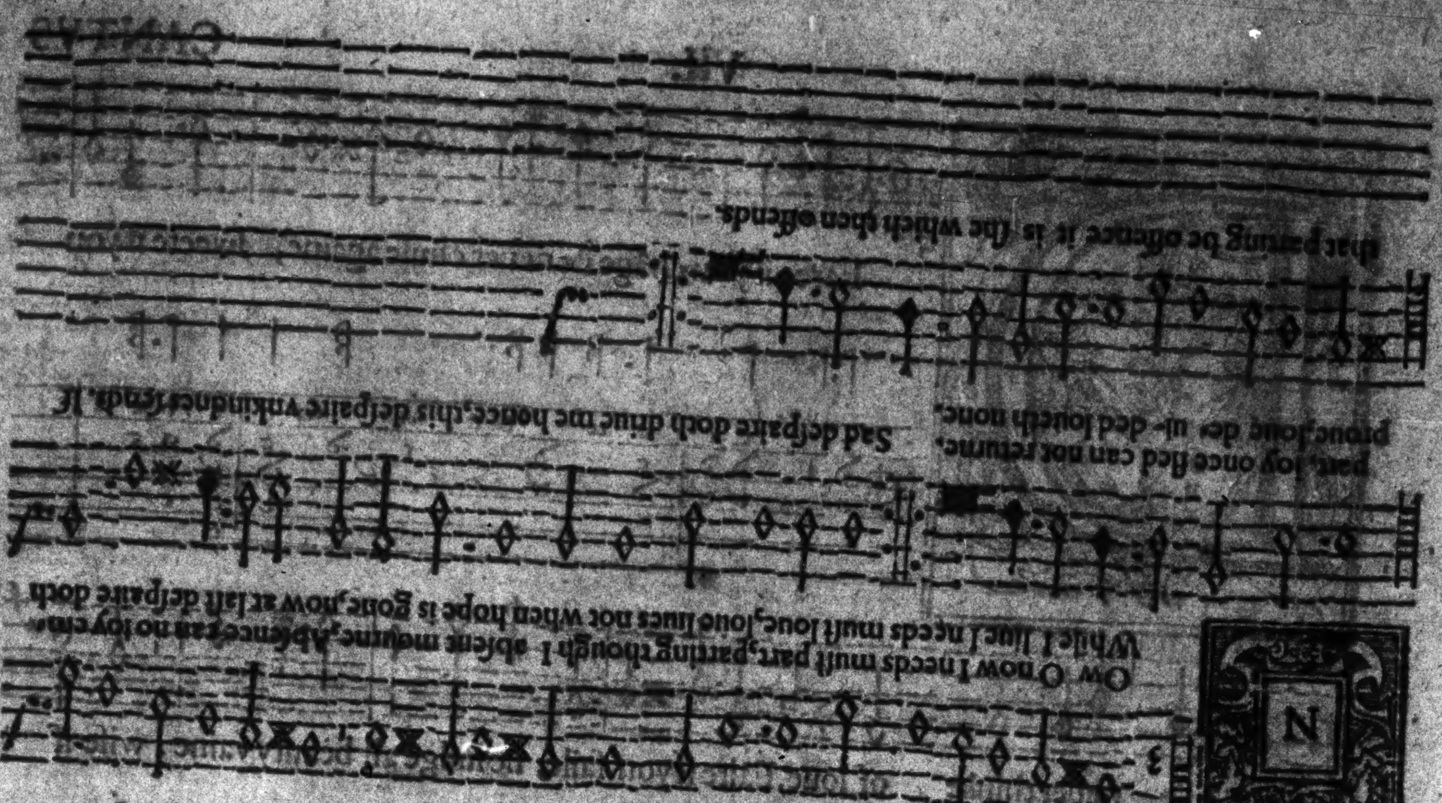
VI.


NOw O now I needs must part, parting though I absent
while I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is
mourne, absence can no ioye em- part, ioye once fled cannot re- turne,
gone, now at last despaire doth proue, loue de- ui- ded lo- ueth none.
Sad dis- paire doth driue me hence, this dispaire vnkindnes sendes. If that
parting be offence, it is she which then of- fendes.

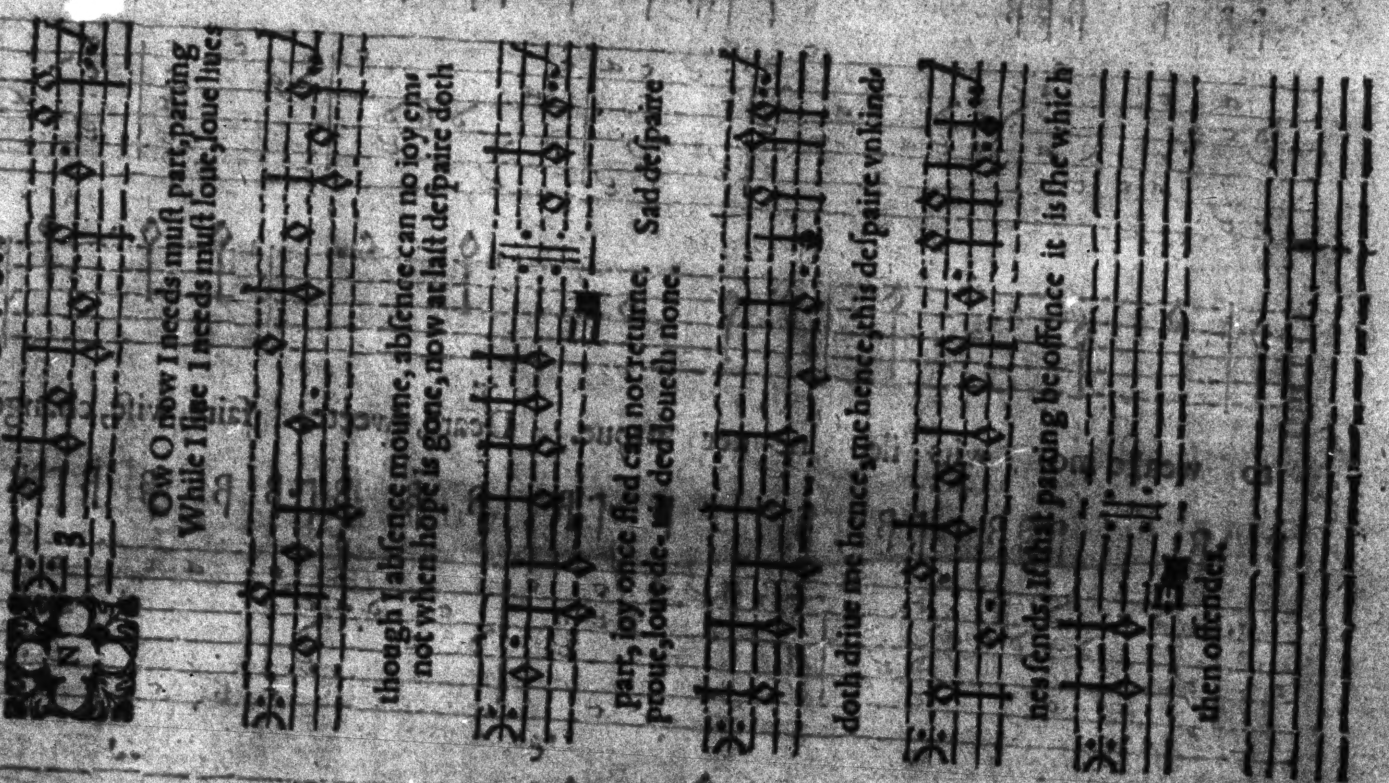
Deare when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my ioies at once,
I loued thee and thee alone
In whose loue I ioyed once:
And although your sight I leaue,
Sight wherein my ioyes doe lie
Till that death do sence bereaue,
Neuer shall affection die,

Deare if I doe not returne,
Loue and I shall die together,
For my absence neuer mourne
Whom you might haue ioyed euer:
Part we must though now I die,
Die I doe to part with you,
Him despaire doth cause to lie,
Who both liued and dieth true.

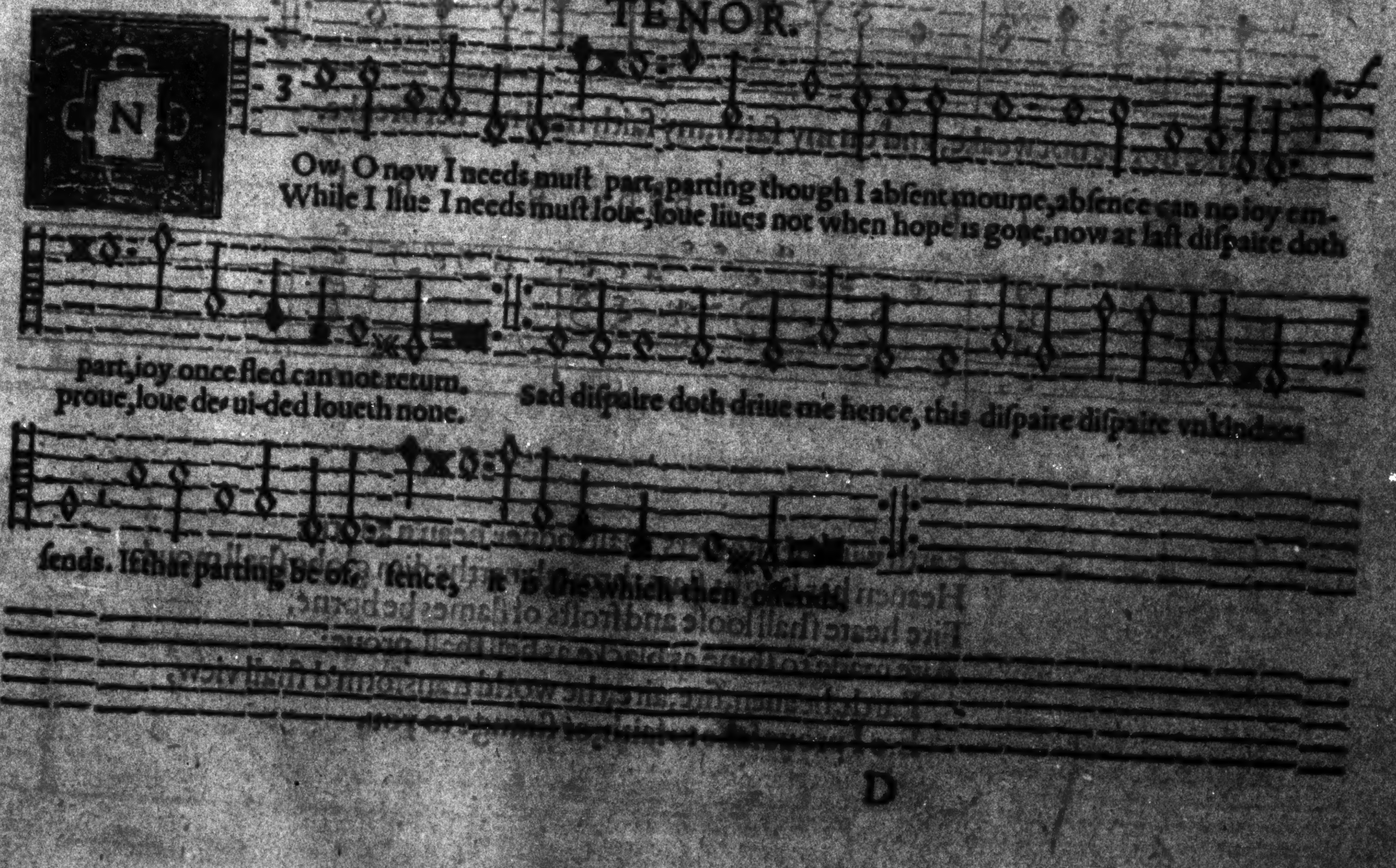
ALTVS.


N
Ow O now I needs must part, parting though I absent mourne, Absence can no ioy em-
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is gone, now at last despaire doth
part, ioy once fled can not returne.
proue, loue de- ui- ded loueth none.
Sad despaire doth driue me hence, this despaire vnkindnes sends. If
that parting be offence it is she which then offends.

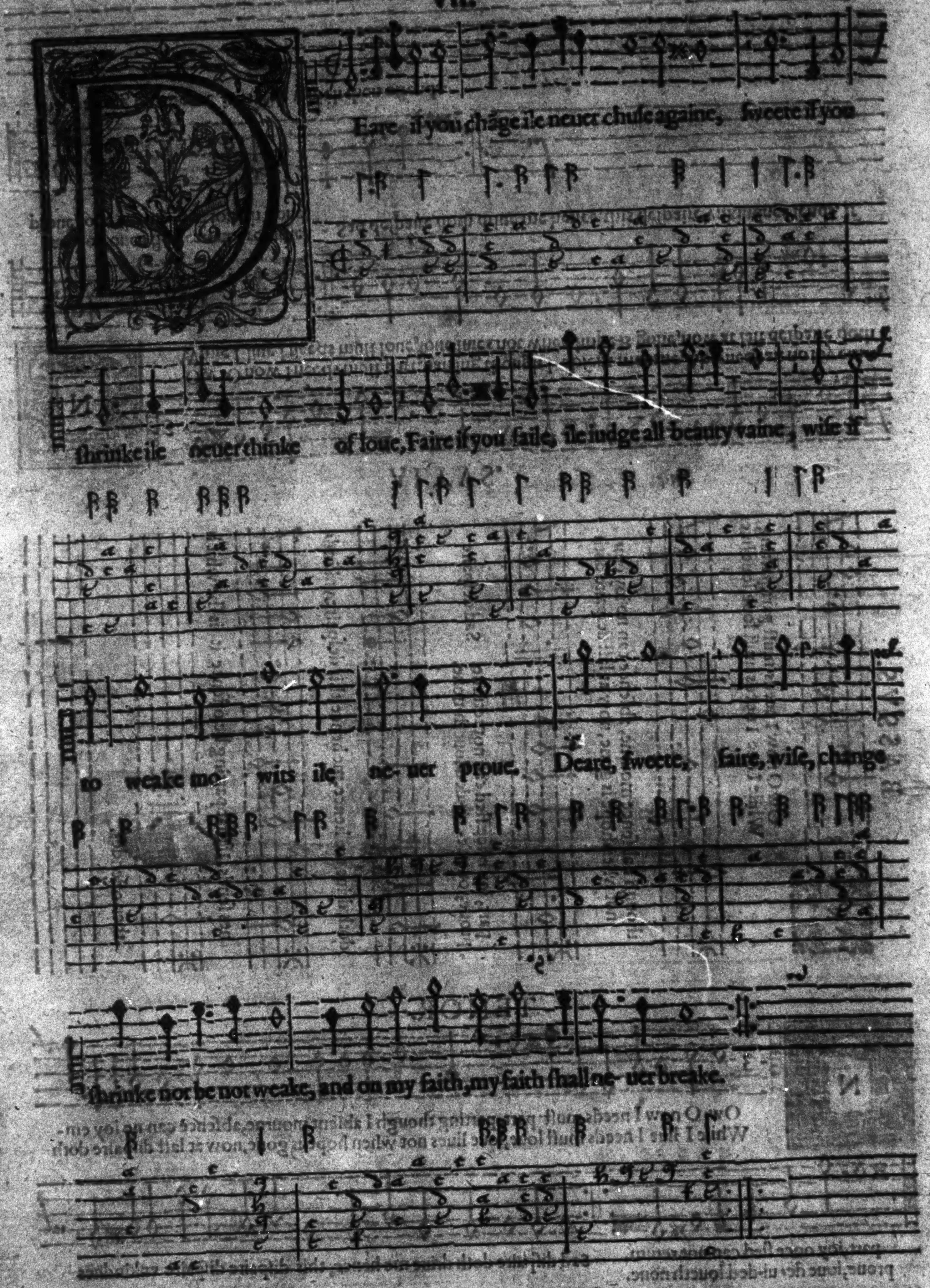
BASSVS.


N
Ow O now I needs must part, parting
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues
though I absence mourne, absence can no ioy em-
not when hope is gone, now at last despaire doth
part, ioy once fled can not returne.
proue, loue de- ui- ded loueth none.
Sad despaire
doth driue me hence, me hence, this despaire vnkind-
nes sends. If that parting be offence it is she which
then offendes.

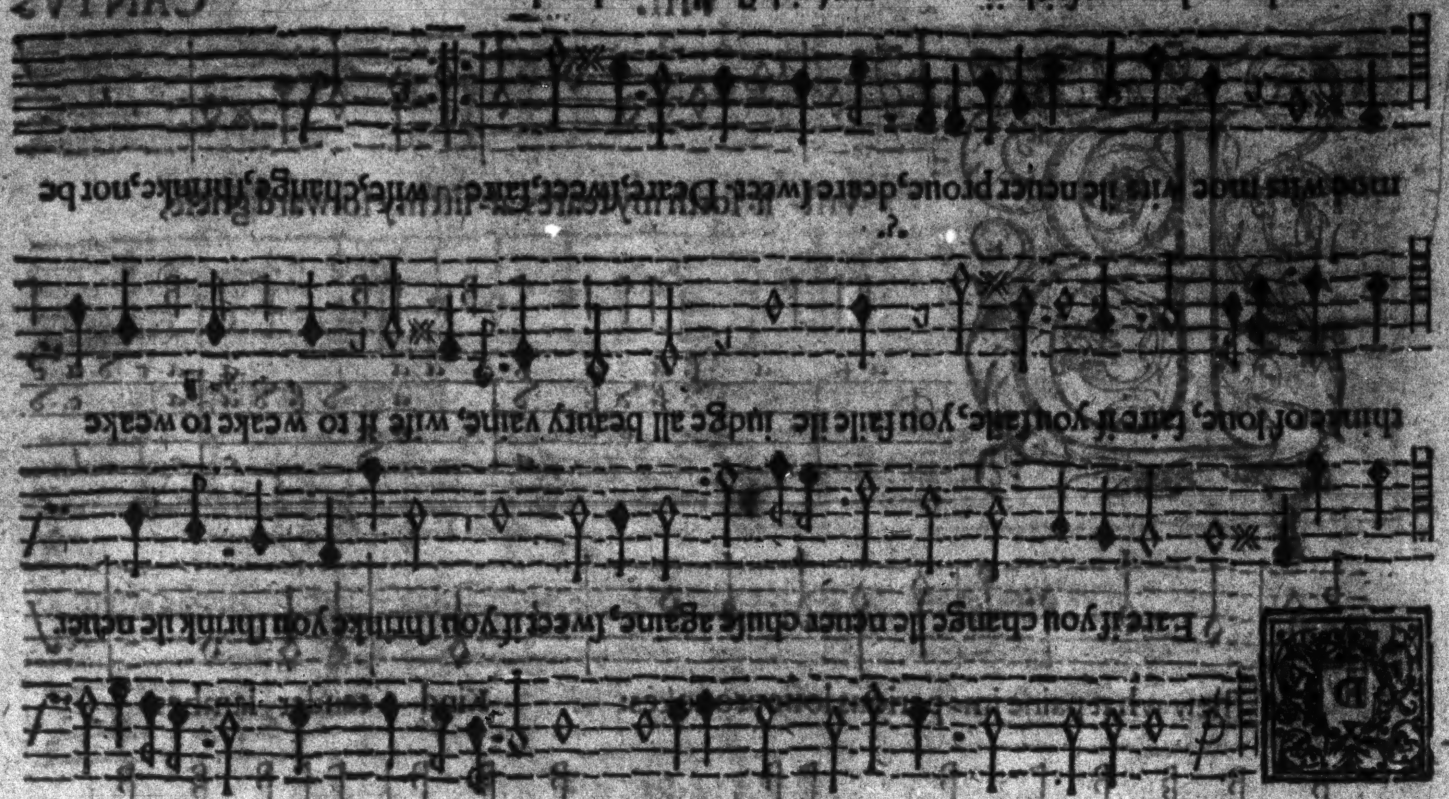
TENOR.


N
Ow, O now I needs must part, parting though I absent mourne, absence can no ioy em-
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is gone, now at last dispaire doth
part, ioy once fled can not return.
proue, loue de- ui- ded loueth none.
Sad dispaire doth driue me hence, this dispaire dispaire vnkindnes
sends. If that parting be of- fence, it is she which then offends.

VII.

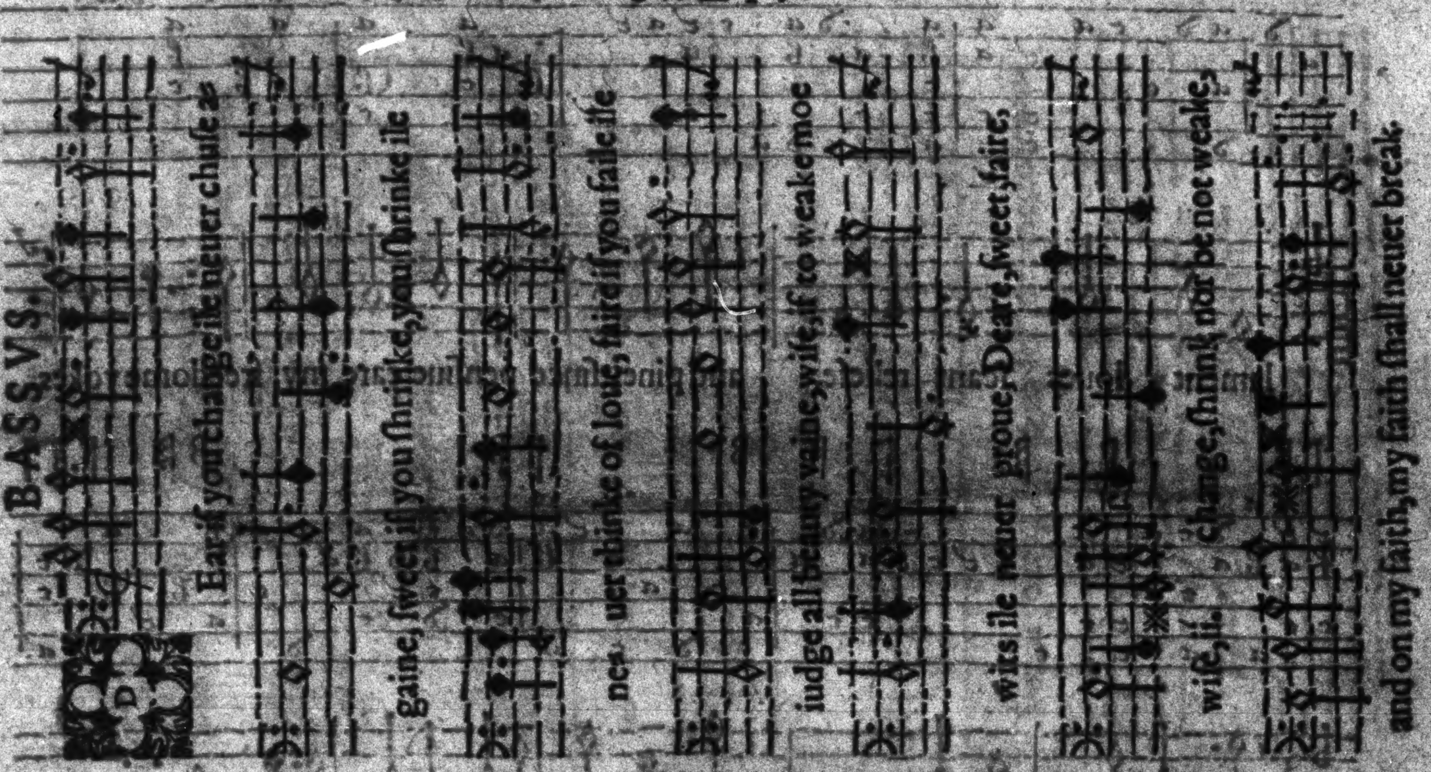

Eare if you chãge ile neuer chuſe againe, ſweete if you
ſhrinke ile neuer thinke of loue, Faire if you faile, ile iudge all beauty vaine, wiſe if
too weake mo- wits ile ne- uer proue. Deare, ſweete, faire, wiſe, change
ſhrinke nor be not weake, and on my faith, my faith ſhall ne- uer breake.

Earth with her flowers ſhall ſooner heau'n adorne,
Heauen her bright ſtars through earths dim globe ſhall moue,
Fire heate ſhall looſe and froſts of flames be borne,
Aire made to ſhine as blacke as hell ſhall proue:
  Earth, heauen, fire, aire, the world transform'd ſhall view,
  Ere I proue falſe to faith, or ſtrange to you.

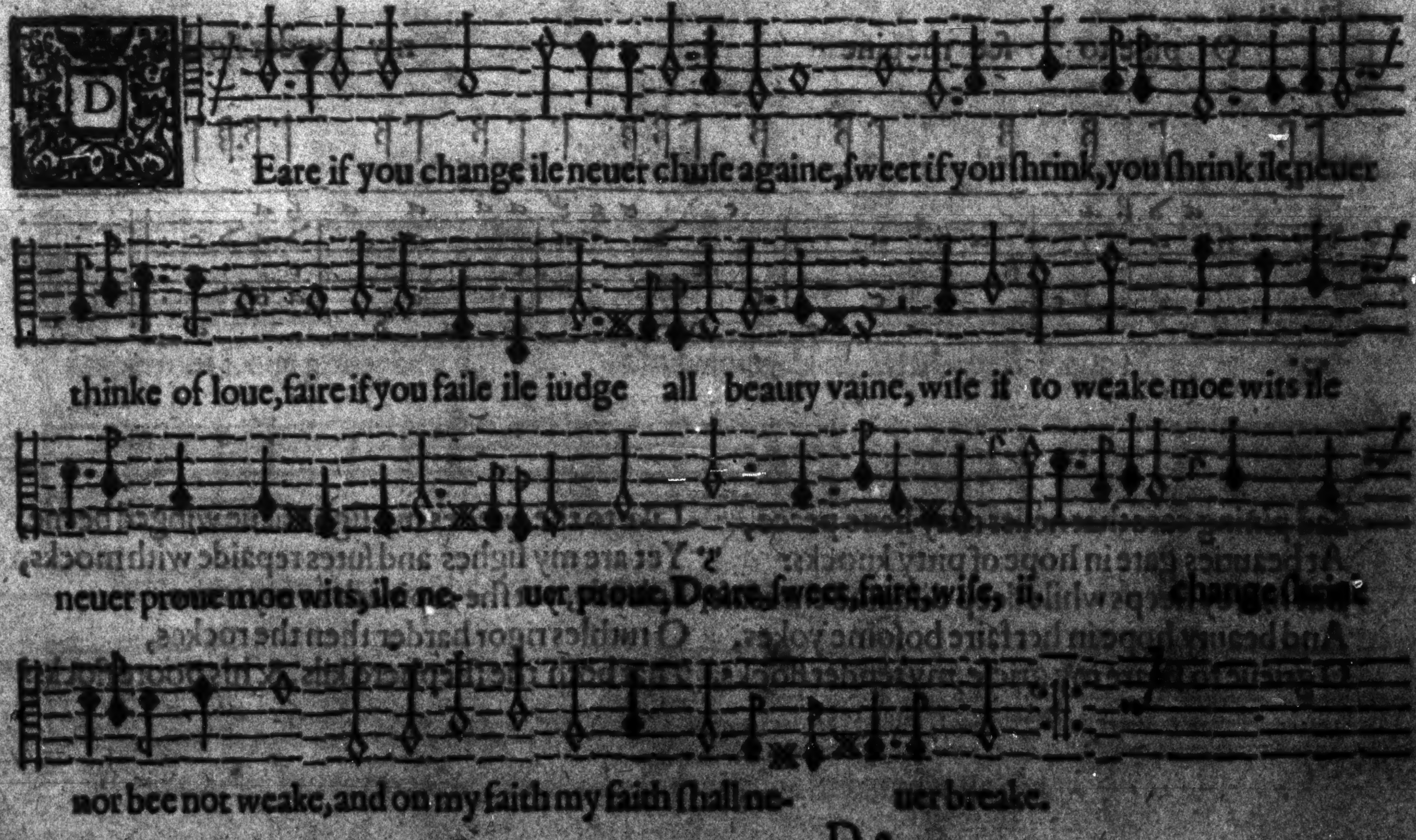

Eare if you change ile neuer chuse againe, sweet if you shrinke you shrinke ile neuer
thinke of loue, faire if you faile, ile iudge all beauty vaine, wise if to weake to weake
moe wits ile neuer proue, deare sweet, faire, wise, change, thinke, not be
not weake, and on my faith, ii. my faith shall neuer breake.

ALTVS.

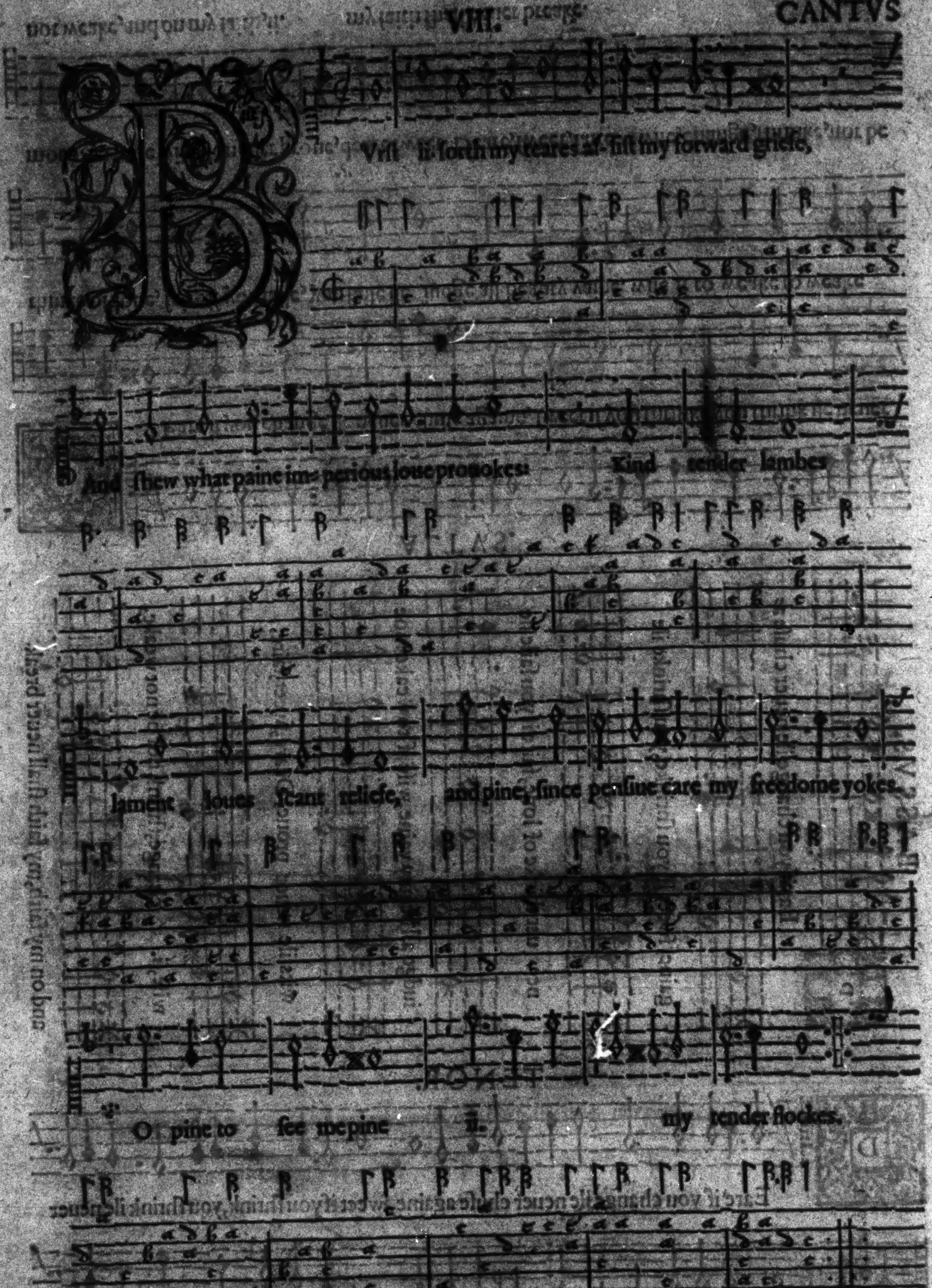
BASSVS.


Eare if you change ile neuer chuse a-
gaine, sweet if you shrinke, you shrinke ile
ne- uer thinke of loue, faire if you faile ile
iudge all beauty vaine, wise, if to weake moe
wits ile neuer proue, Deare, sweet, faire,
wise, ii. change, thinke not be not weake,
and on my faith, my faith shall neuer break.

TENOR.


Eare if you change ile neuer chuse againe, sweet if you shrink, you shrink ile neuer
thinke of loue, faire if you faile ile iudge all beauty vaine, wise if to weake moe wits ile
neuer proue moe wits, ile ne- uer proue, Deare, sweet, faire, wise, ii. change thinke
not bee not weake, and on my faith my faith shall ne- uer breake.

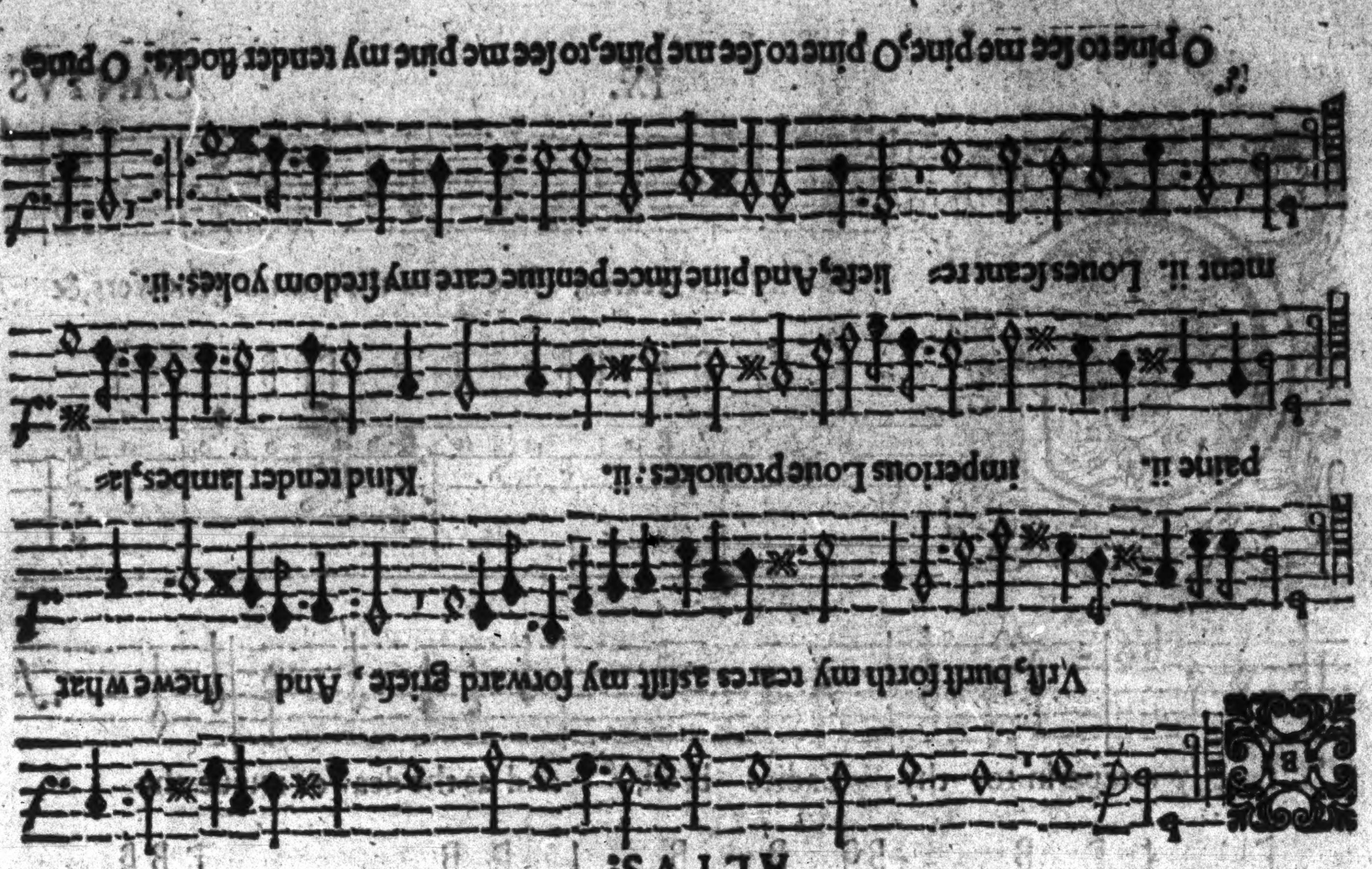
VIII.


B
Vrſt forth my teares aſ- ſiſt my forward griefe,
And ſhew what paine im- perious loue prouokes:
Kind tender lambes
lament loues ſcant reliefe,
and pine, ſince penſiue care my freedome yokes.
O pine to ſee me pine
ii.
my tender flockes.

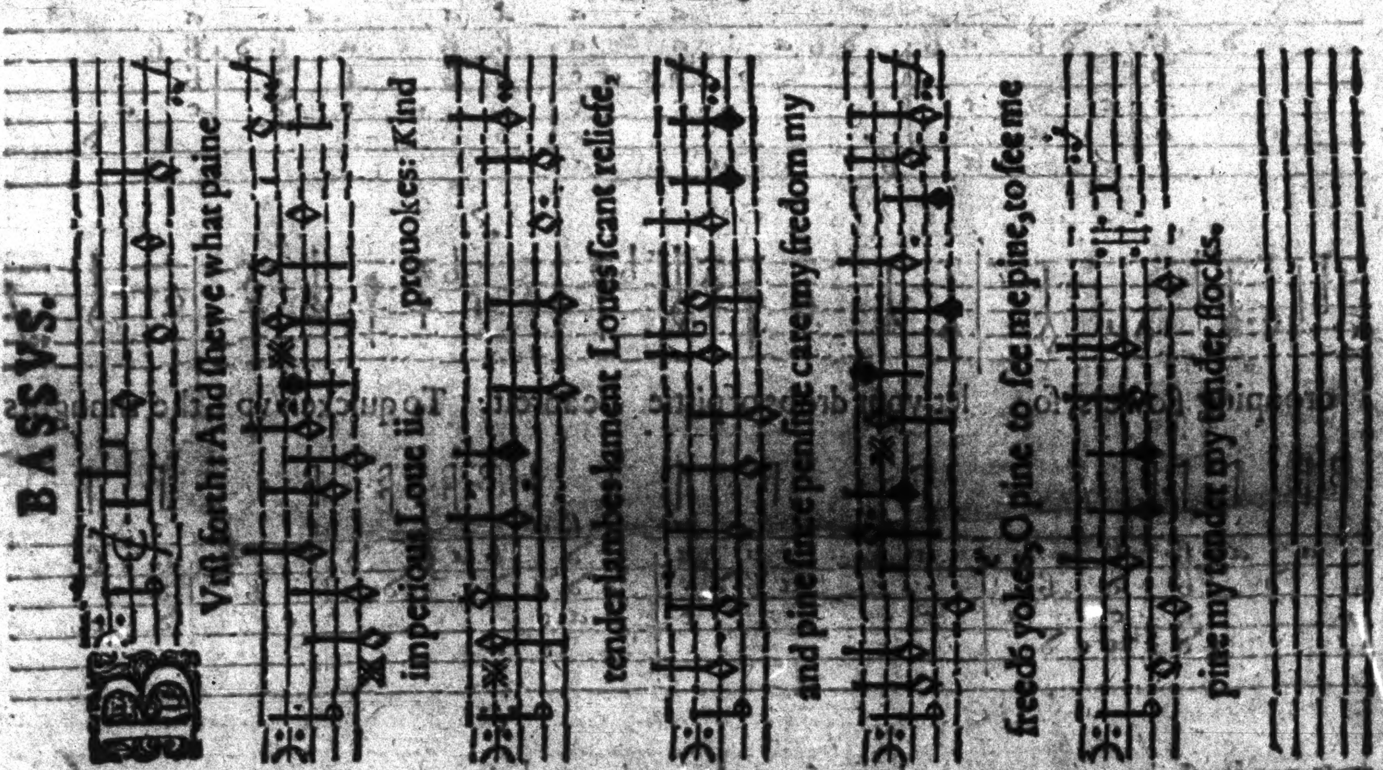
Sad pining care that neuer may haue peace,
At beauties gate in hope of pitty knocks:
But mercy ſleeps while deep diſdaine encreaſe,
And beauty hope in her faire boſome yokes,
O grieue to heare my griefe, my tender flocks.

Like to the windes my ſighs haue winged beene,
Yet are my ſighes and ſutes repaide with mocks,
I pleade, yet ſhe repineth at my teene:
O ruthles rigor harder then the rockes,
That both the ſhepherd kils, & his poore flocks!

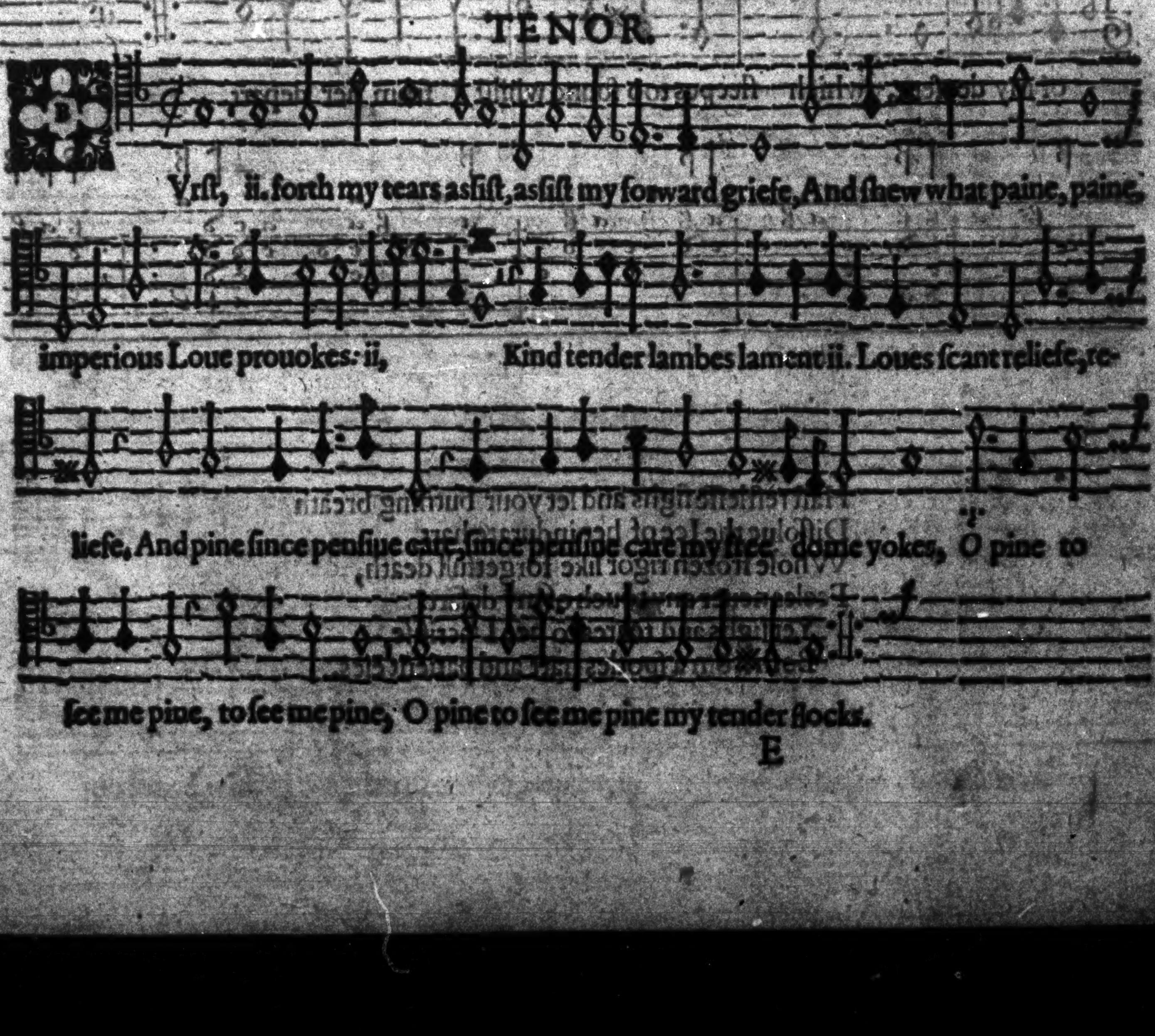
ALTVS.


Vrſt, burſt forth my teares aſsiſt my forward griefe, And ſhewe what
paine ii. imperious Loue prouokes: ii. Kind tender lambes la-
ment ii. Loues ſcant re- liefe, And pine ſince penſiue care my fredom yokes: ii.
O pine to ſee me pine, O pine to ſee me pine, to ſee me pine my tender flocks. O pine

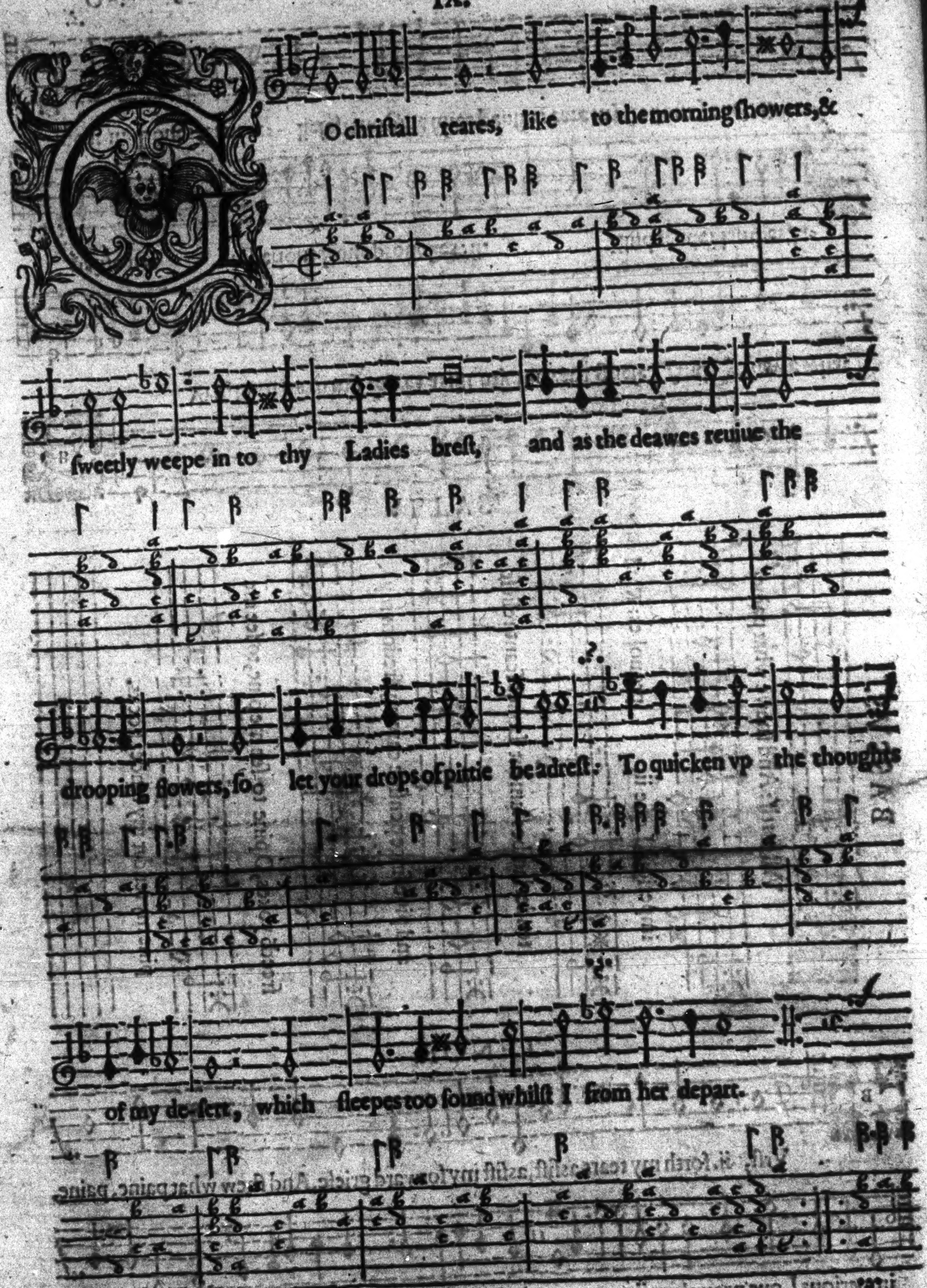
BASSVS.


Vrſt forth: And ſhewe what paine
imperious Loue ii. prouokes: Kind
tender lambes lament Loues ſcant reliefe,
and pine ſince penſiue care my fredom my
freedō yokes, O pine to ſee me pine, to ſee me
pine my tender flocks.

TENOR

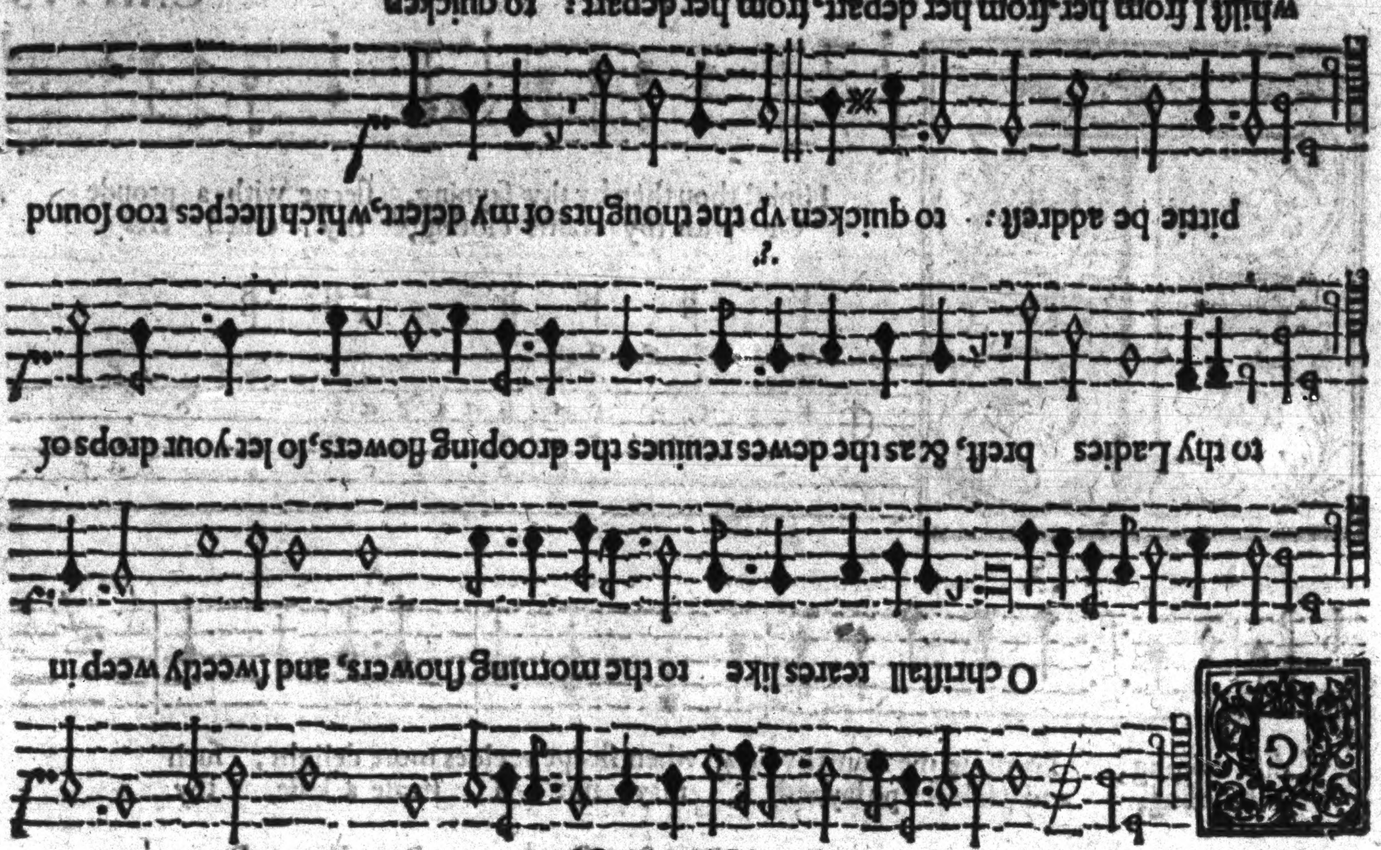

Vrſt, ii. forth my tears aſsiſt, aſsiſt my forward griefe, And ſhew what paine, paine,
imperious Loue prouokes: ii, Kind tender lambes lament ii. Loues ſcant reliefe, re-
liefe, And pine ſince penſiue care, ſince penſiue care my free- dome yokes, O pine to
ſee me pine, to ſee me pine, O pine to ſee me pine my tender flocks.

IX.

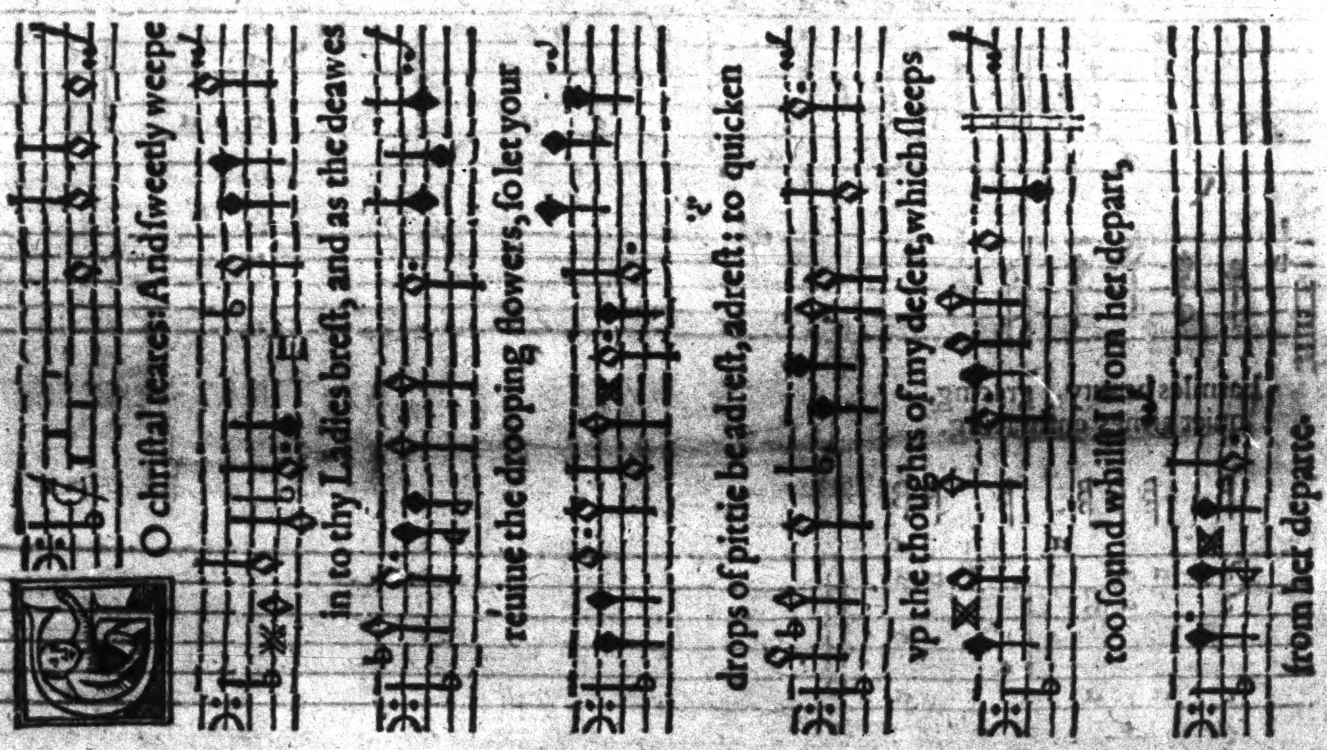

G
O christall teares, like to the morning ſhowers, &
ſweetly weepe in to thy Ladies breſt, and as the deawes reuiue the
drooping flowers, ſo let your drops of pittie be adreſt. To quicken vp the thoughts
of my de-ſert, which ſleepes too ſound whilſt I from her depart.

Haſt reſtleſſe ſighs and let your burning breath
Diſſolue the Ice of her indurate hart,
Whoſe frozen rigor like forgetfull death,
Feeles neuer any touch of my deſart:
Yet ſighs and teares to her I ſacrifiſe,
Both from a ſpotles hart and patient eies.

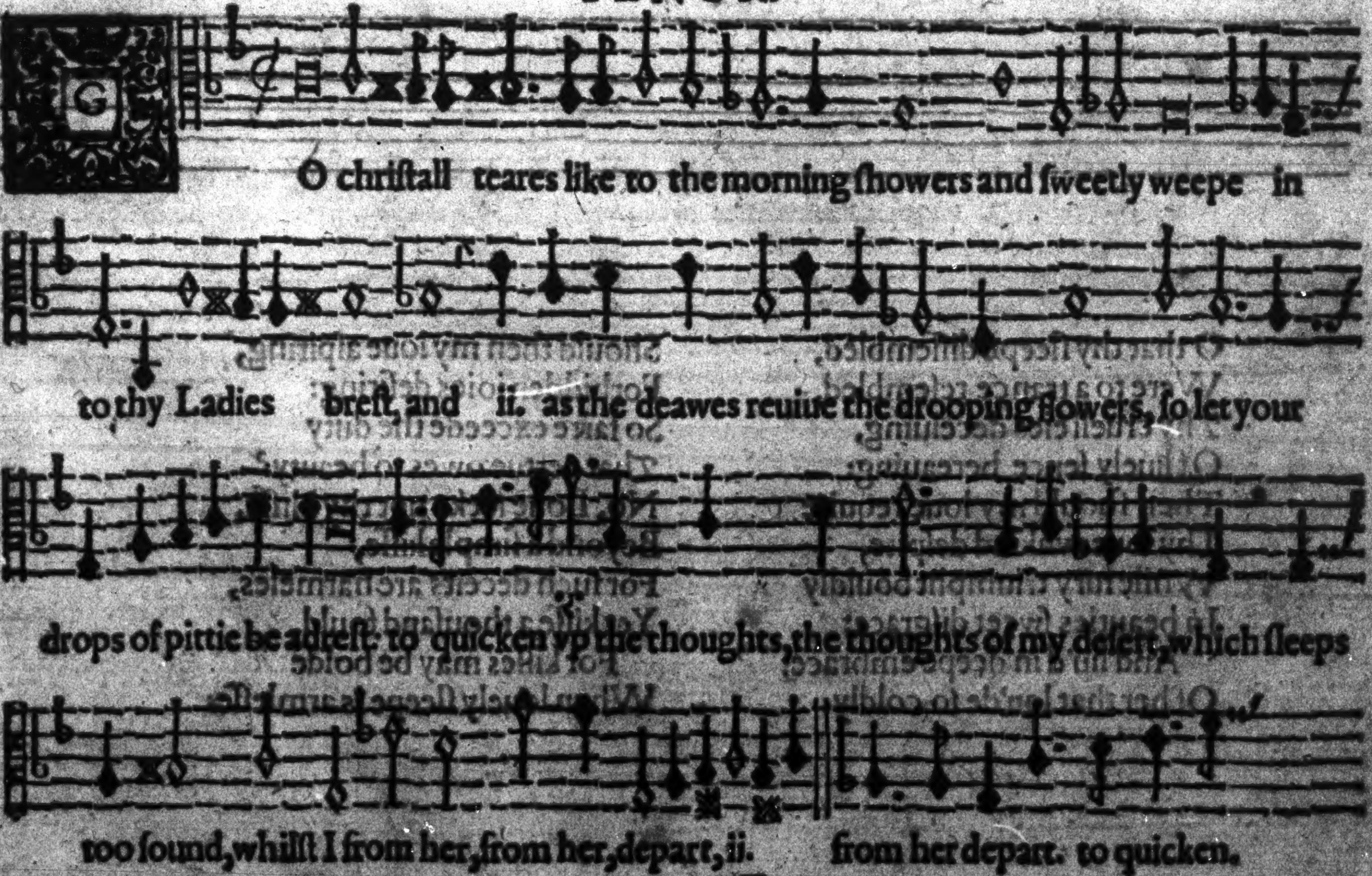
ALTVS.

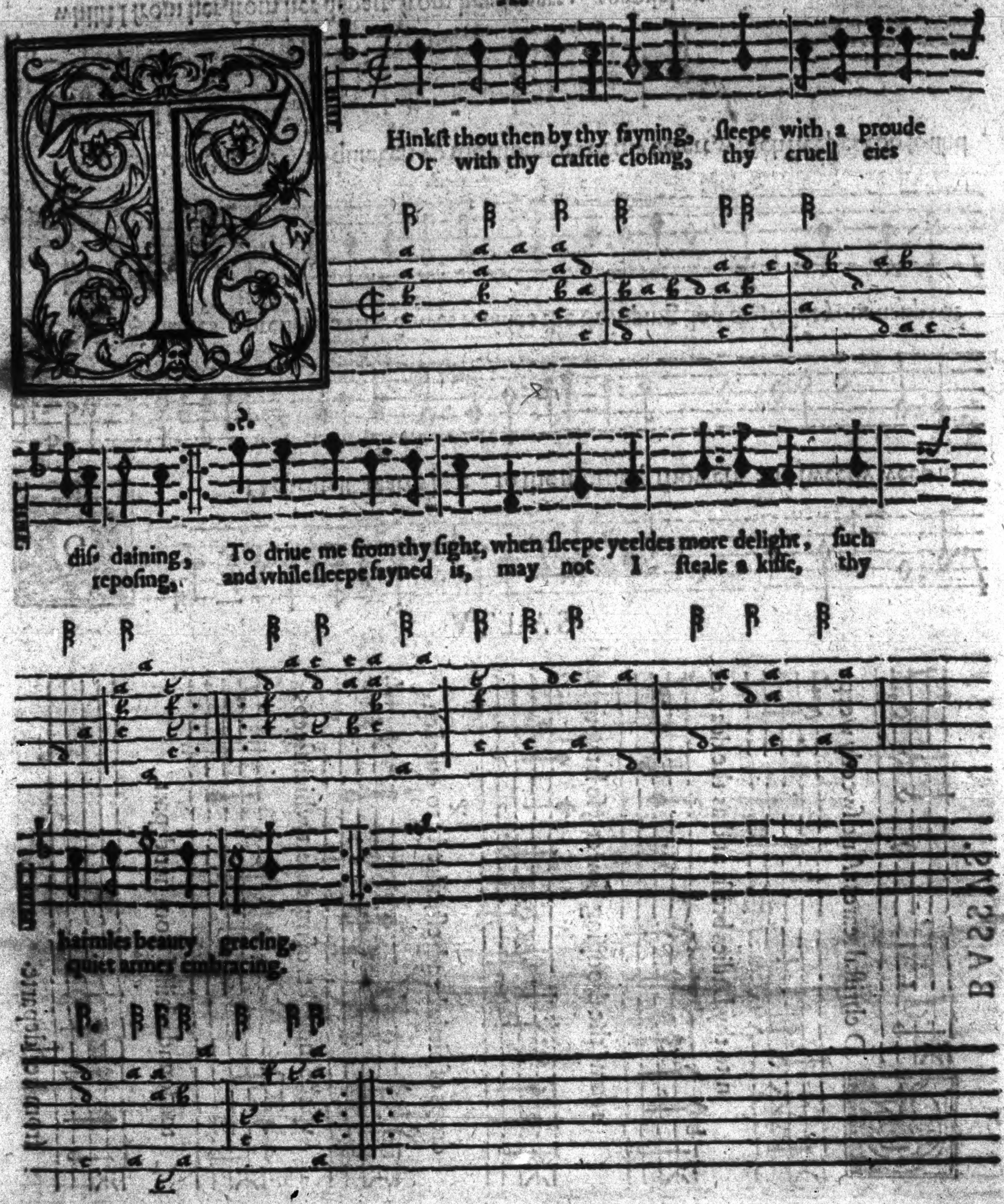

O chriſtall teares like to the morning ſhowers, and ſweetly weep in
to thy Ladies breſt, & as the dewes reuiues the drooping flowers, ſo let your drops of
pittie be addreſt: to quicken vp the thoughts of my deſert, which ſleepes too ſound
whilſt I from her, from her depart, from her depart: to quicken

BASSVS.


O chriſtal teares: And ſweetly weepe
in to thy Ladies breſt, and as the deawes
reuiue the drooping flowers, ſo let your
drops of pittie be adreſt, adreſt: to quicken
vp the thoughts of my deſert, which ſleeps
too ſound, whilſt I from her depart,
from her departe.

TENOR.

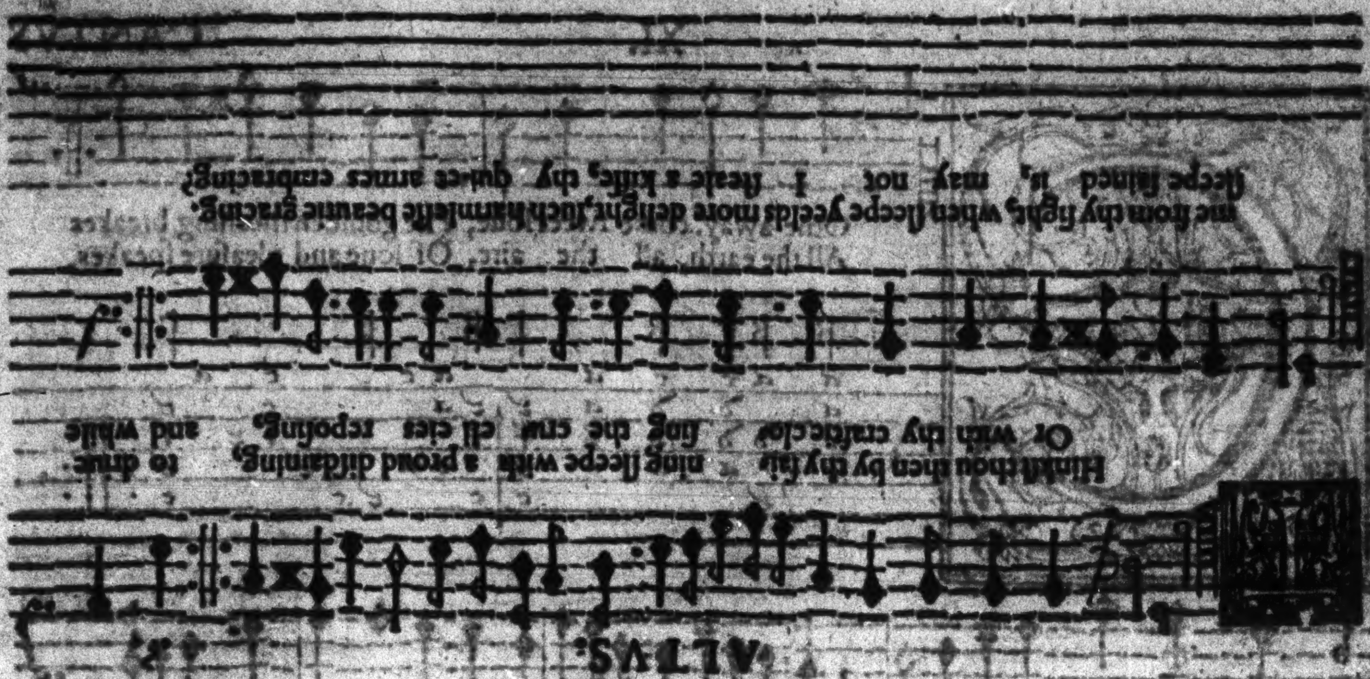

O chriſtall teares like to the morning ſhowers and ſweetly weepe in
to thy Ladies breſt, and ii. as the deawes reuiue the drooping flowers, ſo let your
drops of pittie be adreſt: to quicken vp the thoughts, the thoughts of my deſert, which ſleeps
too ſound, whilſt I from her, from her, depart, ii. from her depart. to quicken.


Hinkſt thou then by thy fayning, ſleepe with a proude
Or with thy craftie cloſing, thy cruell eies
diſ- daining, To driue me from thy ſight, when ſleepe yeeldes more delight, ſuch
repoſing, and while ſleepe fayned is, may not I ſteale a kiſſe, thy
harmles beauty gracing.
quiet armes embracing.

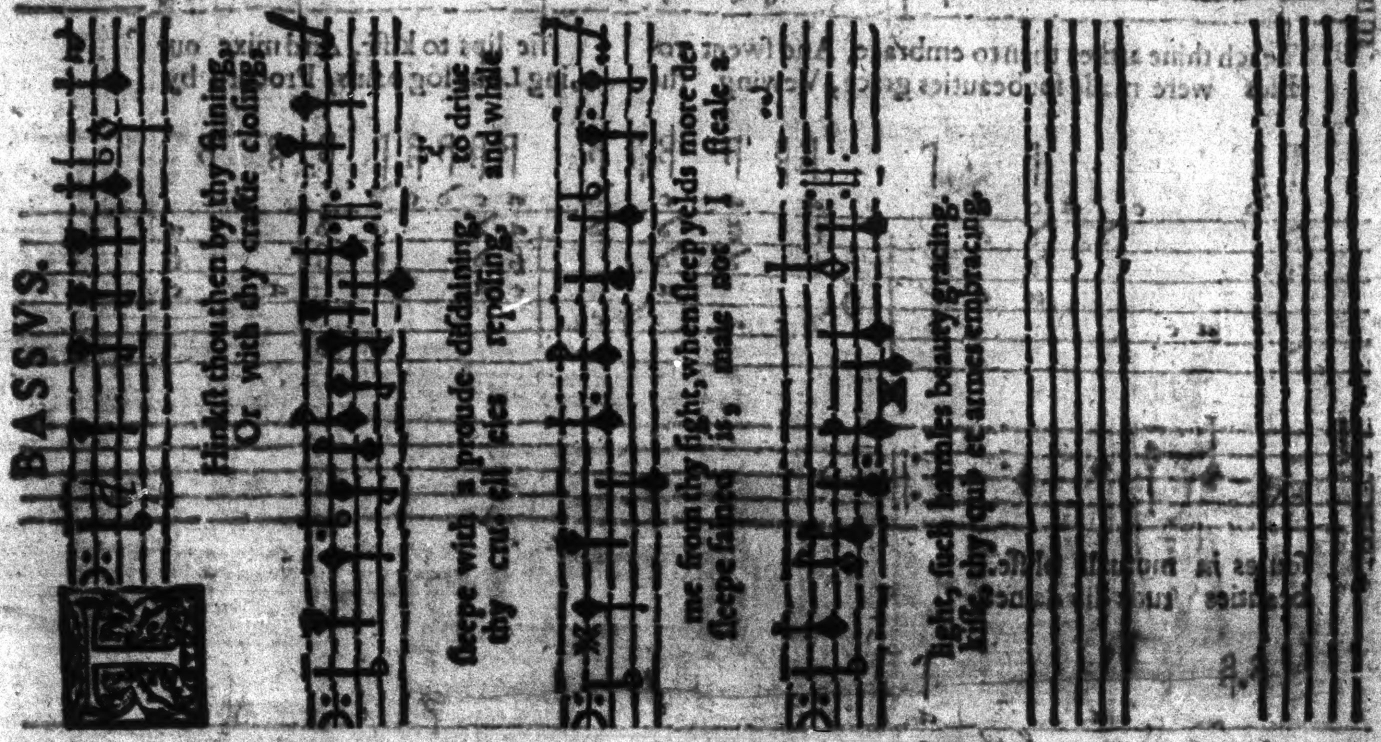
O that thy ſleepe diſſembled,
Were to a trance reſembled,
Thy cruell eies deceiuing,
Of liuely ſence bereauing:
Then ſhould my loue requite
Thy loues vnkind deſpite,
While fury triumpht bouldly
In beauties ſweet diſgrace:
And liu'd in deepe embrace:
Of her that lou'de ſo coldly.

Should then my loue aſpiring,
Forbidden ioies deſiring:
So farre exceede the duty
That vertue owes to beauty?
No, Loue ſeeke not thy bliſſe,
Beyond a ſimple kiſſe,
For ſuch deceits are harmeles,
Yet kiſſe a thouſand fould,
For kiſſes may be bolde
When louely ſleepe is armleſſe.

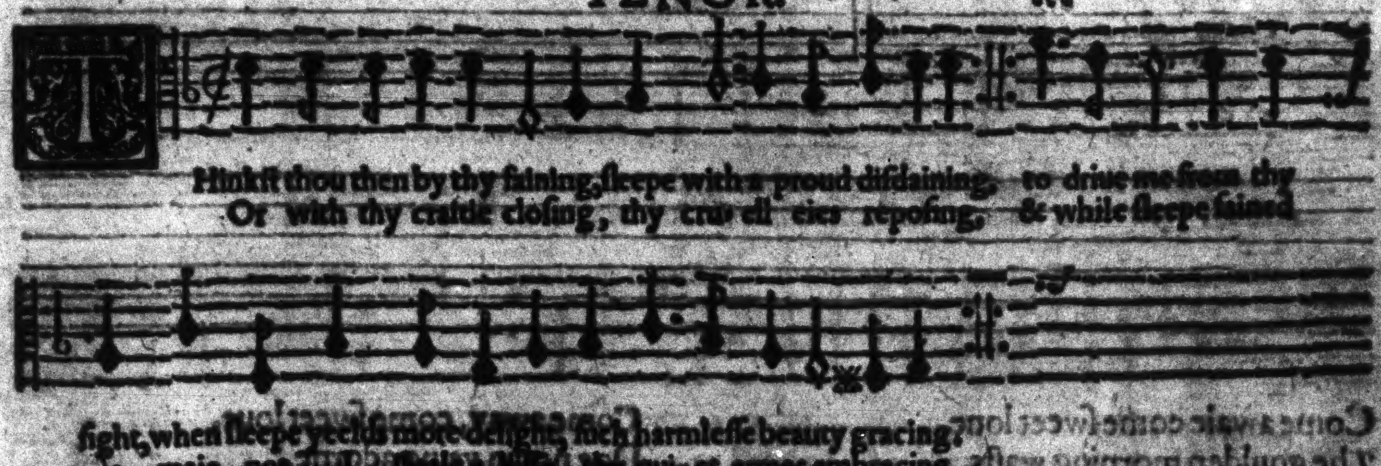
ALTVS.


Hinkſt thou then by thy fai- ning ſleepe with a proud diſdaining, to driue
Or with thy craftie clo- ſing the cru- ell eies repoſing, and while
me from thy ſight, when ſleepe yeelds more delight, ſuch harmleſſe beautie gracing.
ſleepe fained is, may not I ſteale a kiſſe, thy qui- et armes embracing?

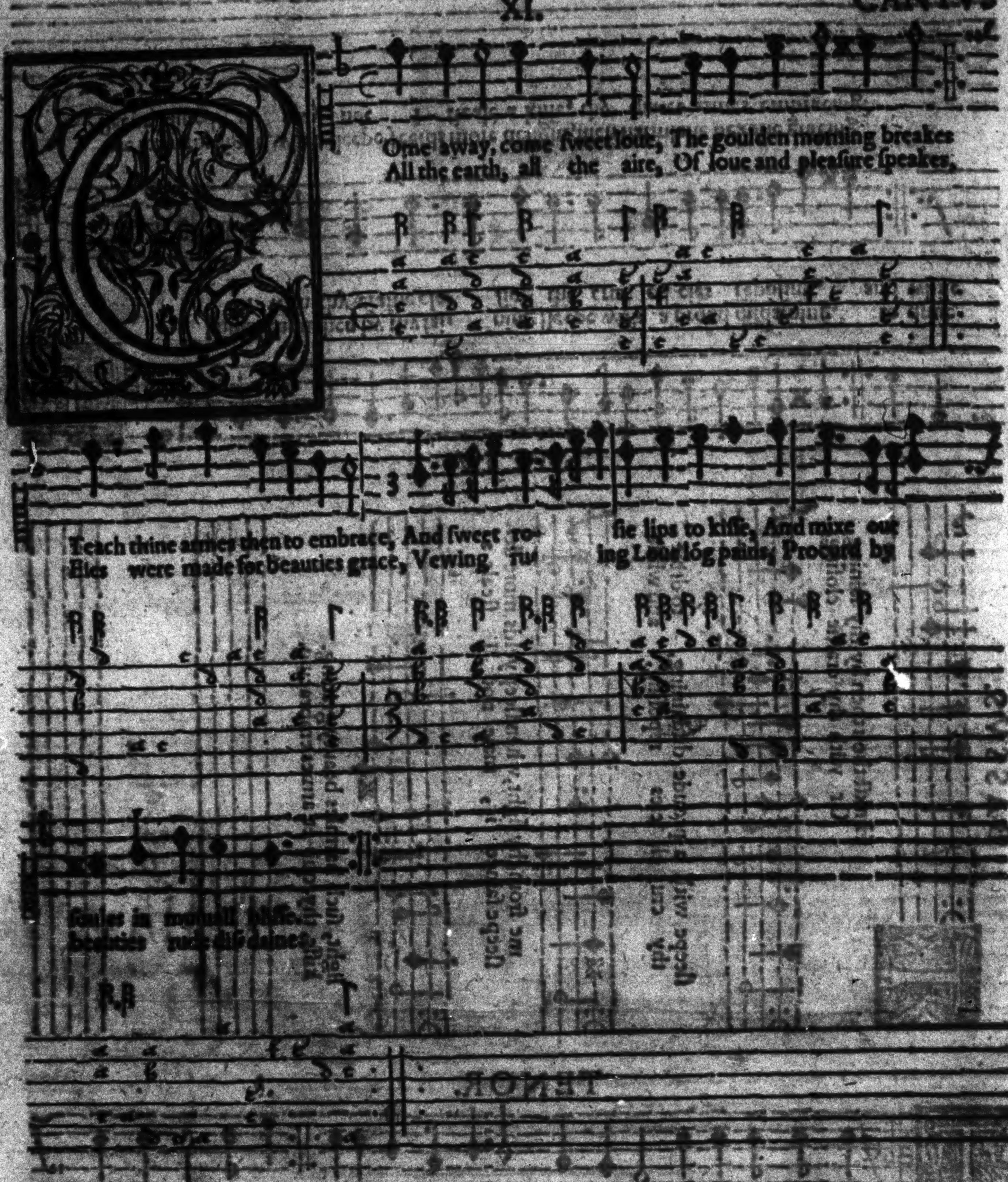
BASSVS.


Hinkſt thou then by thy faining,
Or with thy craftie cloſing,
ſleepe with a proude diſdaining, to driue
thy cru- ell eies repoſing, and while
me from thy ſight, when ſleepe yelds more de-
ſleepe fained is, maie not I ſteale a
light, ſuch harmles beauty gracing.
kiſſe, thy qui- et armes embracing.

TENOR.

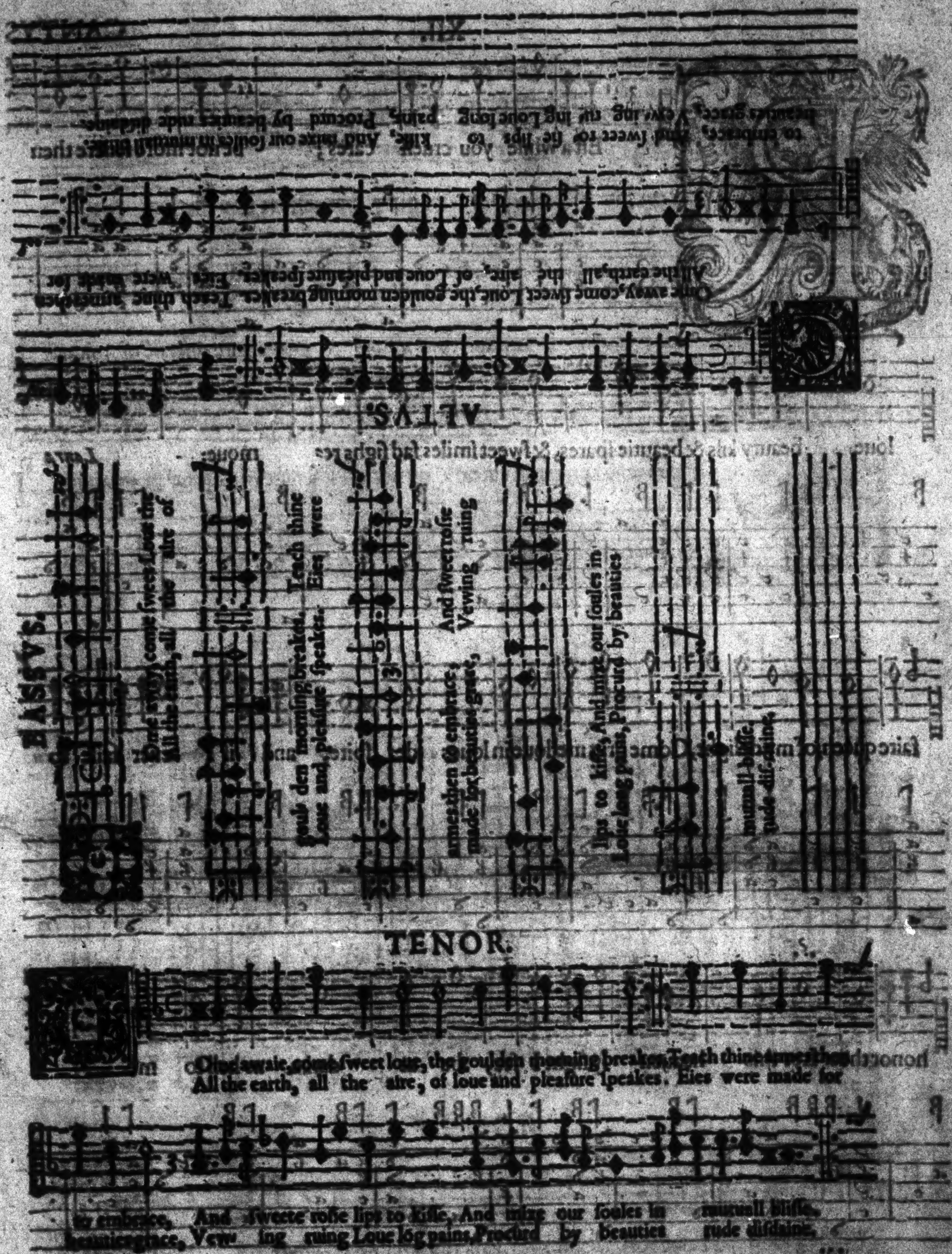

Hinkſt thou then by thy faining, ſleepe with a proud diſdaining, to driue me from thy
Or with thy craftie cloſing, thy cru- ell eies repoſing, & while ſleepe fained
ſight, when ſleepe yeelds more delight, ſuch harmleſſe beauty gracing.
is, maie not I ſteale a kiſſe, thy qui- et armes embracing.

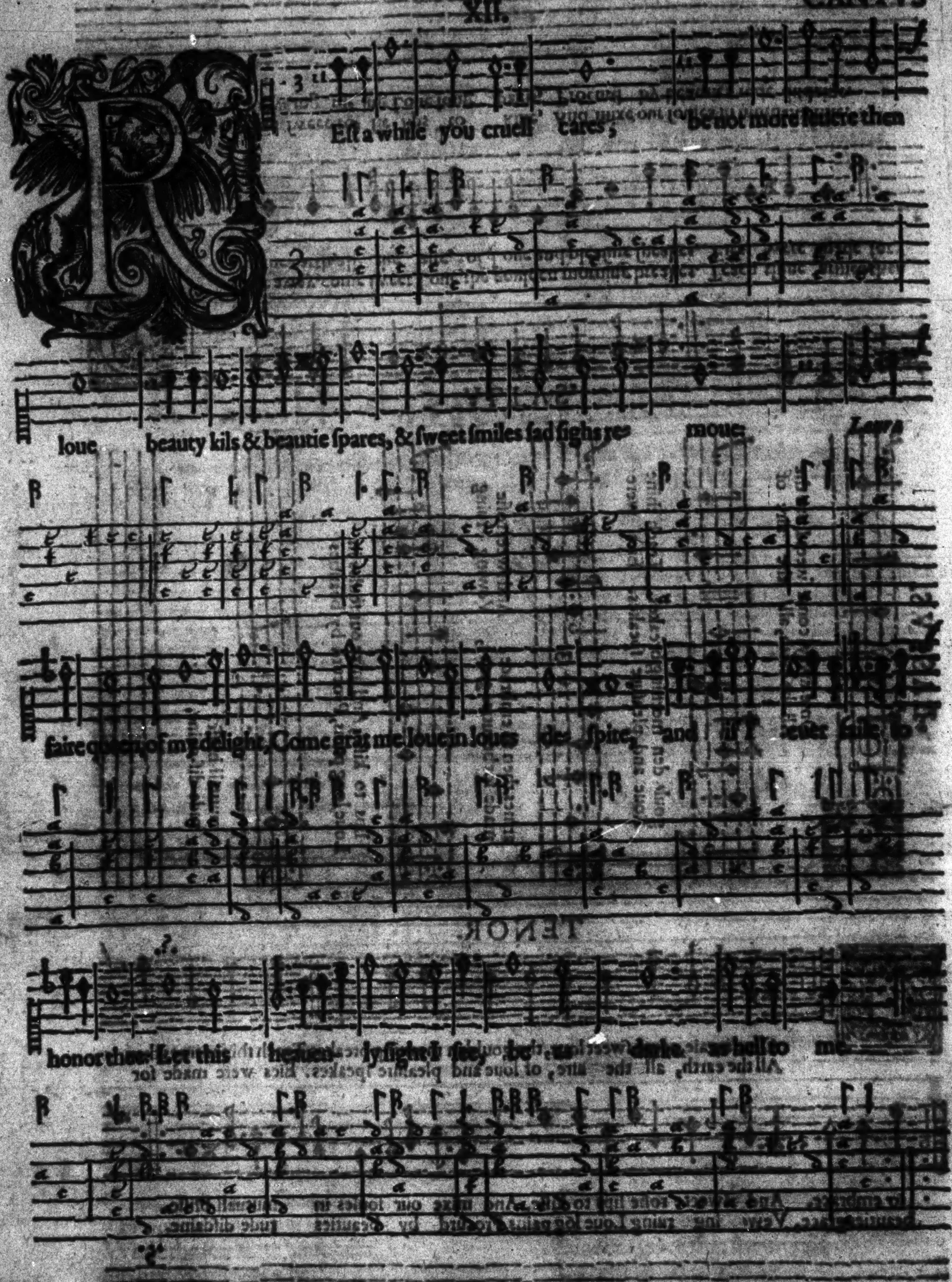
XI.


Come away, come ſweet loue, The goulden morning breakes:
All the earth, all the aire, Of loue and pleaſure ſpeakes.
Teach thine armes then to embrace, And ſweet ro- ſie lips to kiſſe, And mixe our
Eies were made for beauties grace, Vewing ru- ing Loues lōg paines, Procurd by
ſoules in mutuall bliſſe.
beauties rude diſdaine.

Come awaie come ſweet loue,
The goulden morning waſts,
While the ſon from his ſphere,
His fierie arrowes caſts:
Making all the ſhadowes flie,
Playing, ſtaying in the groue,
To entertaine the ſtealth of loue,
Thither ſweet loue let vs hie,
Flying, dying, in deſire,
Wingd with ſweet hopes and heau'nly fire.

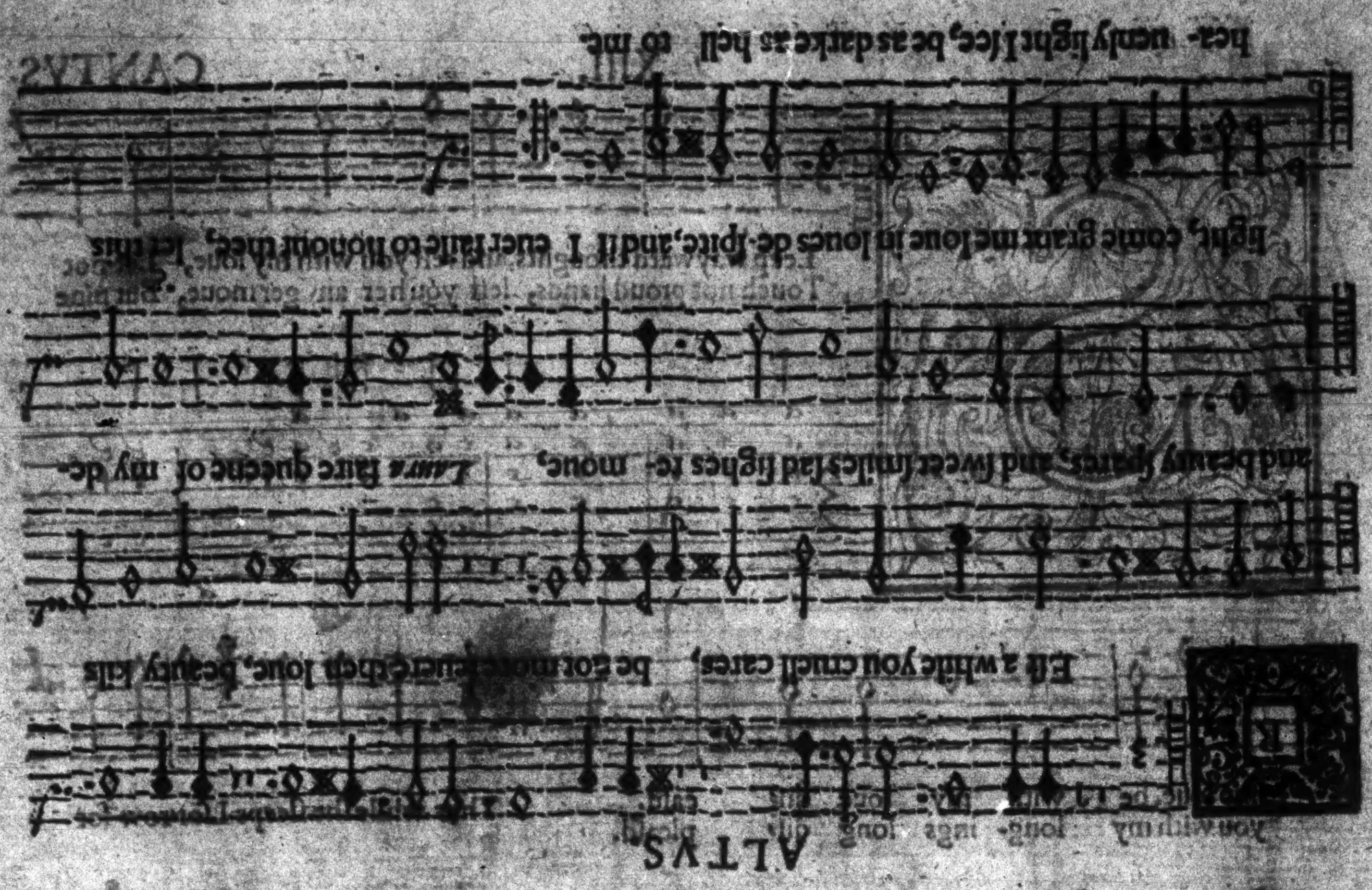
Come away, come ſweet loue,
Doe not in vaine adorne,
Beauties grace that ſhould riſe,
Like to the naked morne:
Lillies on the riuer ſide,
And faire Cyprian flowers new blowne,
Deſire no beauties but their owne,
Ornament is nurce of pride,
Pleaſure, meaſure, loues delight,
Haſt then ſweet loue our wiſhed flight.

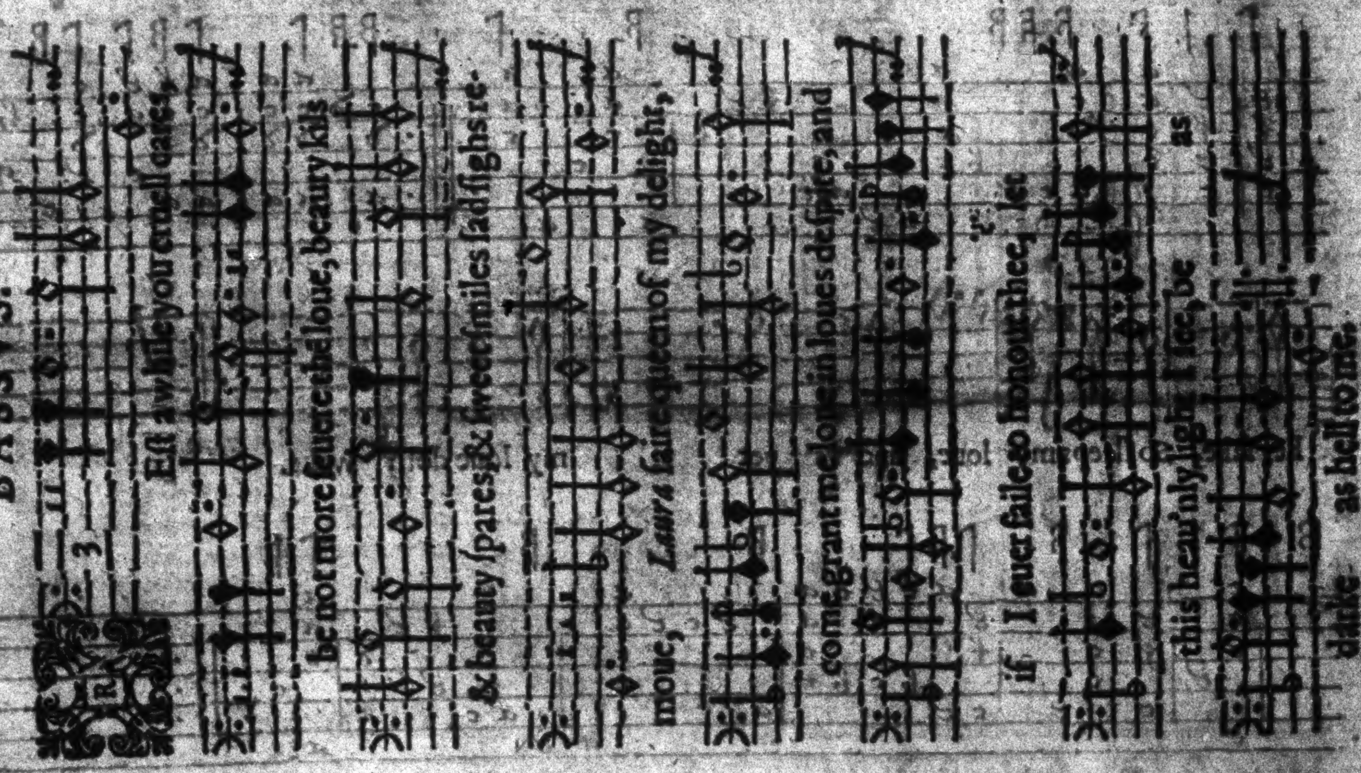

XII
ALTVS.
Come away, come ſweet Loue, the goulden morning breakes. Teach thine armes then
All the earth, all the aire, of Loue and pleaſure ſpeakes. Eies were made for
to embrace, And ſweet ro- ſie lips to kiſſe, And mixe our ſoules in mutuall bliſſe.
beauties grace, Vew- ing ru- ing Loue long paine, Procurd by beauties rude diſdaine.
BASSVS.
Come away, come ſweet Loue the goul- den morning breakes. Teach thine armes then to embrace, And ſweet roſie lips to kiſſe, And mixe our ſoules in mutuall bliſſe.
All the earth, all the aire of Loue and pleaſure ſpeakes. Eies were made for beauties grace, Vewing ruing Loue long paine, Procurd by beauties rude diſdaine.
TENOR.
Come awaie, come ſweet loue, the goulden morning breakes, Teach thine armes then
All the earth, all the aire, of loue and pleaſure ſpeakes. Eies were made for
to embrace, And ſweete roſie lips to kiſſe, And mixe our ſoules in mutuall bliſſe.
beauties grace, Vew- ing ruing Loue lōg pains, Procurd by beauties rude diſdaine.


REſt a while you cruell cares, be not more ſeuere then
loue beauty kils & beautie ſpares, & ſweet ſmiles ſad ſighs re- moue:
Laura
faire queen of my delight, Come grāt me loue in loues deſpite, and if I euer faile to
honor thee: Let this heauen- ly light I ſee, be as darke as hell to me.

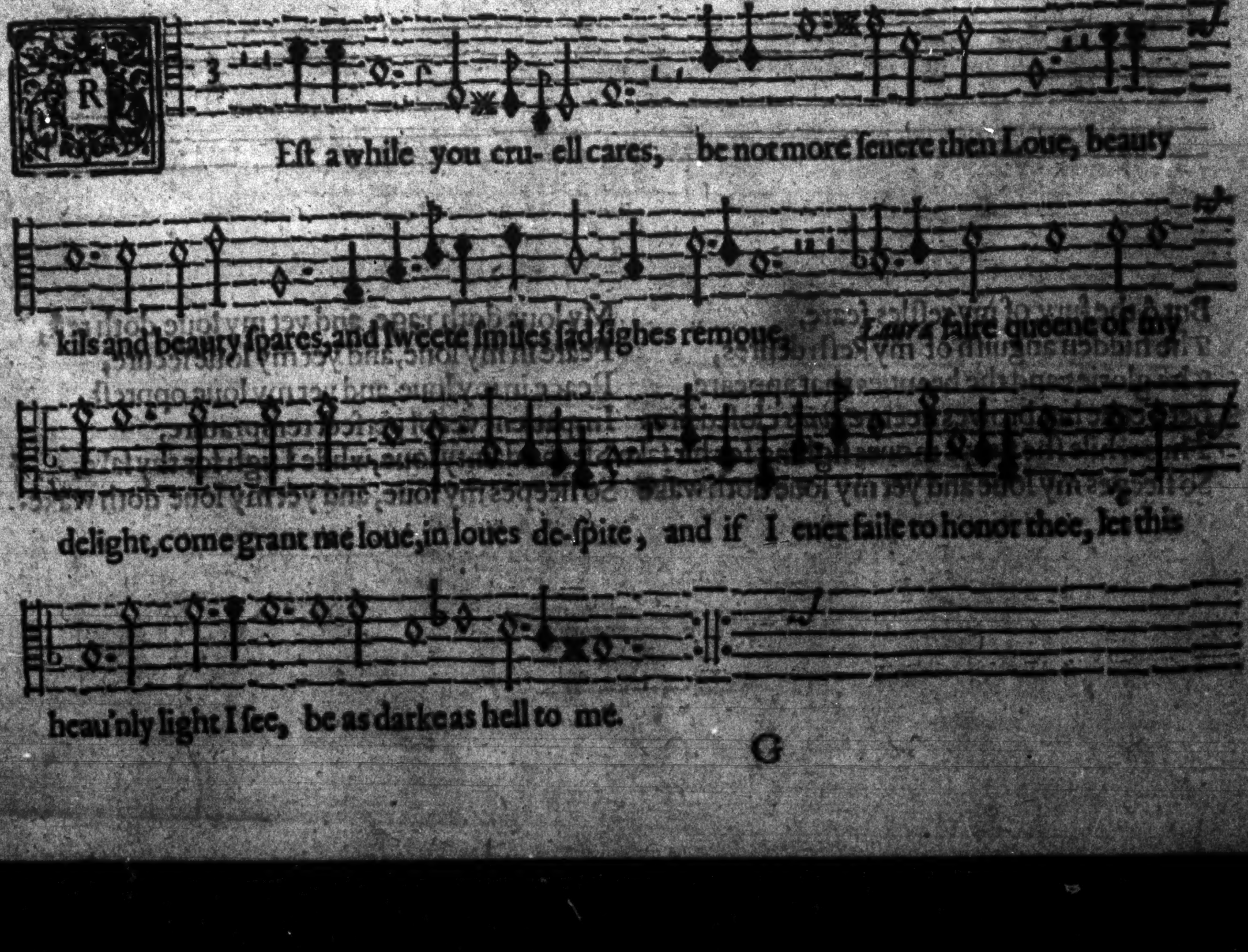
If I ſpeake my words want waite,
Am I mute, my hart doth breake,
If I ſigh ſhe feares deceit,
Sorrow then for me muſt ſpeake:
Cruel, vnkind, with fauour view,
The wound that firſt was made by you:
And if my torments fained be,
  Let this heauenly light I ſee,
  Be as darke as hell to me.

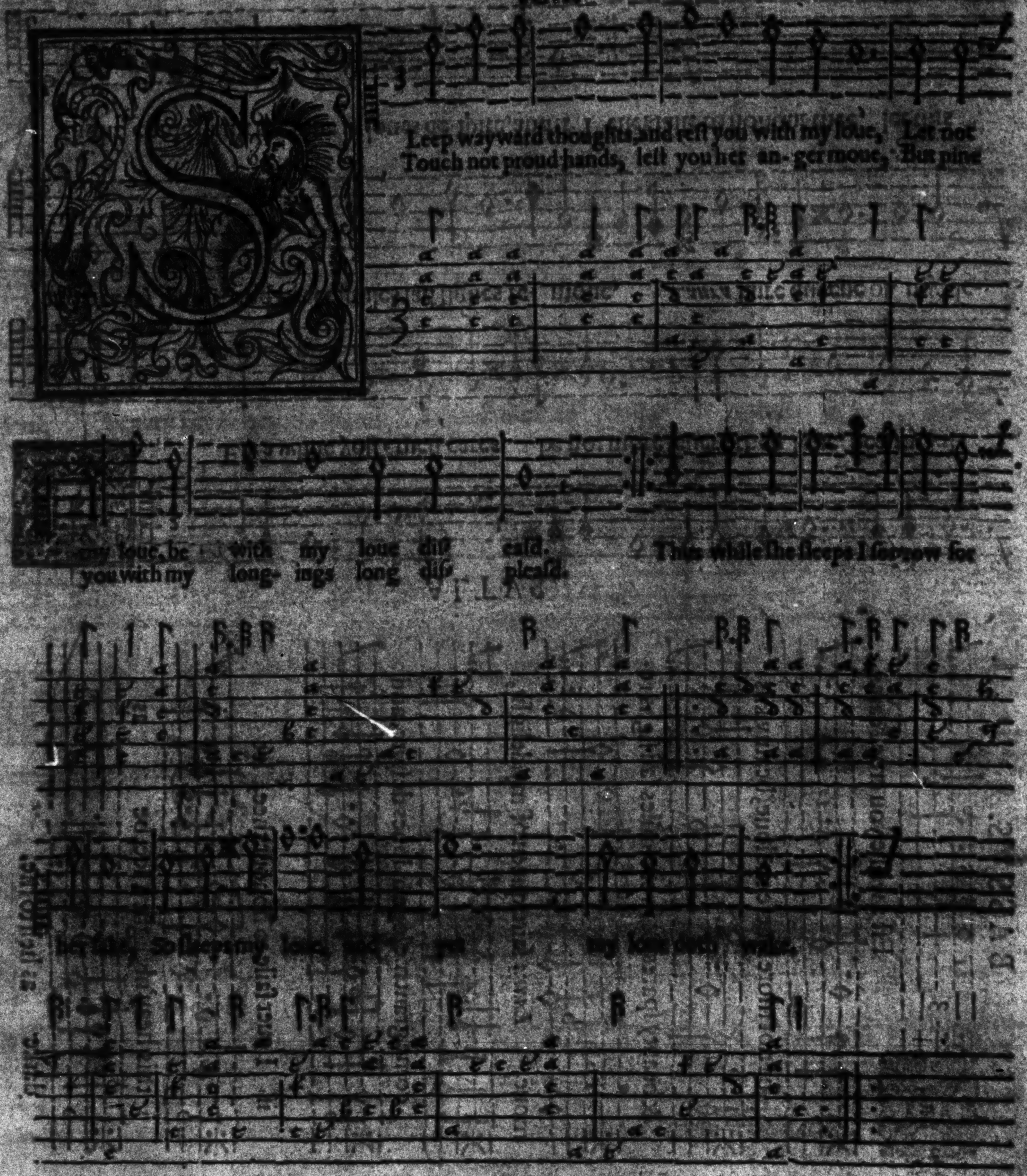
Neuer houre of pleaſing reſt,
Shal reuiue my dying ghoſt,
Til my ſoule hath repoſſeſt,
The ſweet hope which loue hath loſt:
Laura redeeme the ſoule that dies,
By fury of thy murdering eies,
And if it proues vnking to thee,
  Let this heauenly light I ſee,
  Be as darke as hell to me.


CANTVS
ALTVS
Rest a while you cruell cares, be not more seuere then loue, beauty kils
and beauty spares, and sweete smiles sad sighes re- moue, *Laura* faire queene of my de-
light, come grant me loue in loues de-spite, and if I euer faile to honour thee, let this
hea- uenly light I see, be as darke as hell to me.


BASSVS.
Rest a while you cruell cares,
be not more seuere the loue, beauty kils
& beauty spares, & sweete smiles sad sighes re-
moue, *Laura* faire queene of my delight,
come grant me loue in loues despite, and
if I euer faile to honour thee, let
this heau'nly light I see, be as
darke as hell to me.

TENOR.

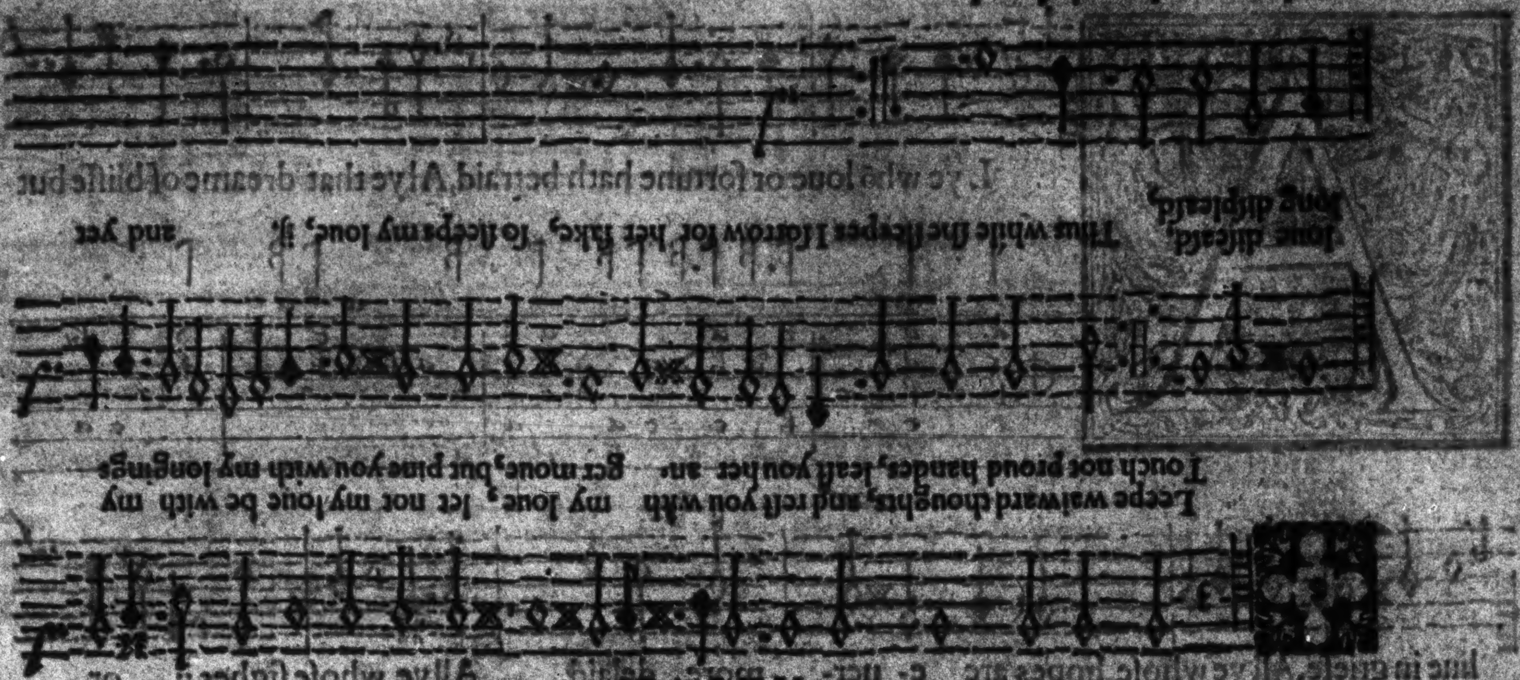

Rest a while you cru- ell cares, be not more seuere then Loue, beauty
kils and beauty spares, and sweete smiles sad sighes remoue, *Laura* faire queene of my
delight, come grant me loue, in loues de-spite, and if I euer faile to honor thee, let this
heau'nly light I see, be as darke as hell to me.


Leep wayward thoughts, and reſt you with my loue, Let not
Touch not proud hands, leſt you her an- ger moue, But pine
my loue, be- with my loue diſ- eaſd. Thus while ſhe ſleeps I ſorrow for
you with my long- ings long diſ- pleaſd.
her ſake, So ſleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

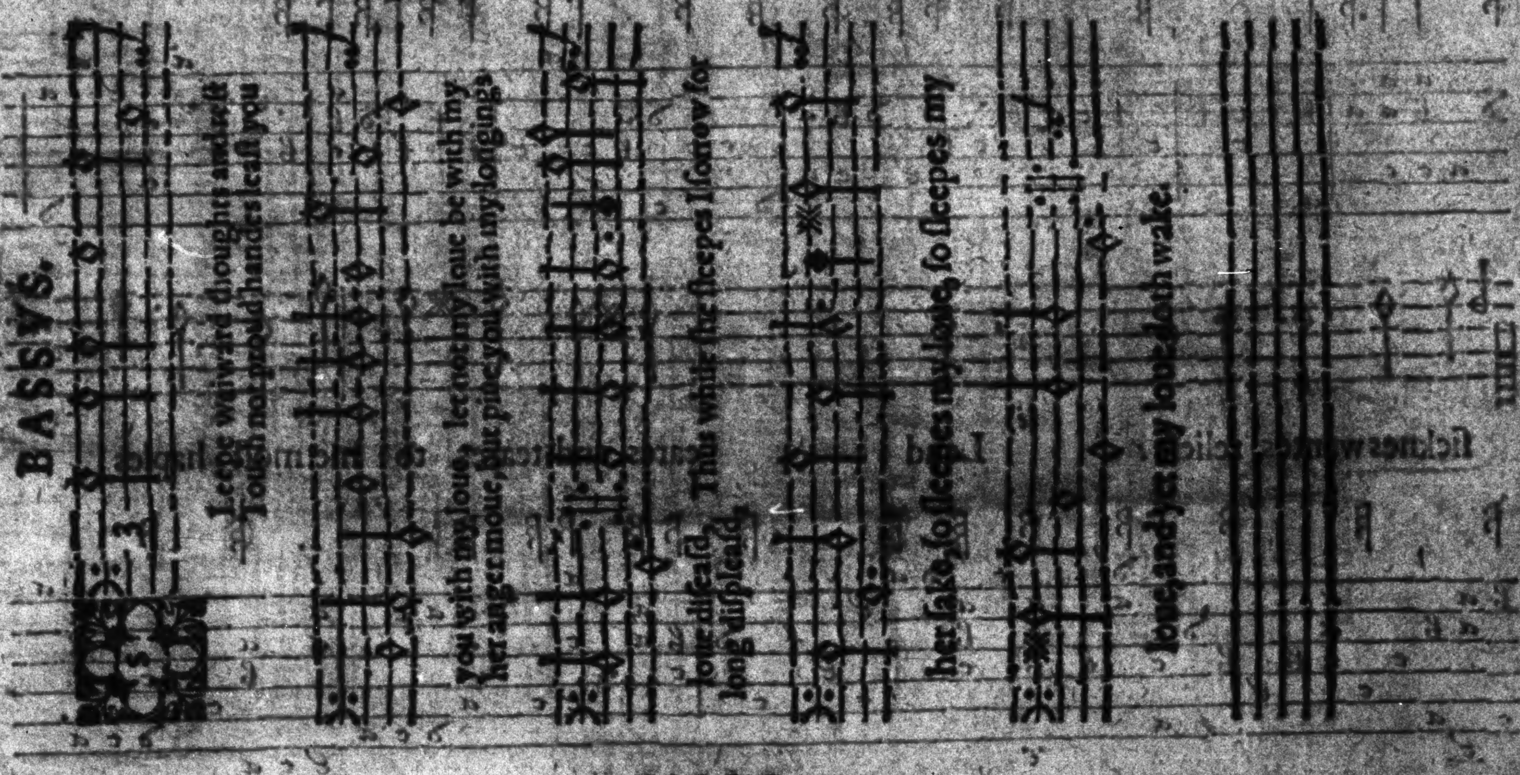
But ô the fury of my reſtles feare,
The hidden anguiſh of my fleſh deſires,
The glories and the beauties that appeare,
Betweene her browes neere *Cupids* cloſed fires:
Thus while ſhe ſleeps moues ſighing for her ſake
So ſleepes my loue and yet my loue doth wake.

My loue doth rage, and yet my loue doth reſt,
Feare in my loue, and yet my loue ſecure,
Peace in my loue, and yet my loue oppreſt,
Impatient yet of perfect tempraunce,
Sleepe dainty loue, while I ſigh for thy ſake,
So ſleepes my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

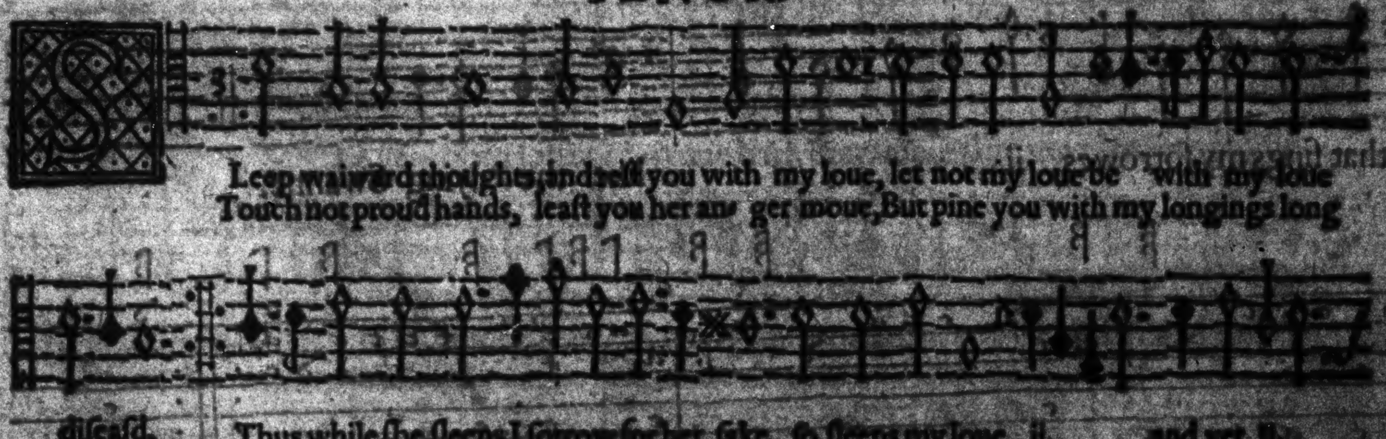
ALTVS.


and yet my loue doth wake.
loue diſeaſd,
long diſpleaſd,
Thus while ſhe ſleepes I ſorrow for her ſake, ſo ſleepes my loue, ij. and yet
SLeepe waiward thoughts, and reſt you with my loue, let not my loue be with my
Touch not proud handes, leaſt you her an- ger moue, but pine you with my longings

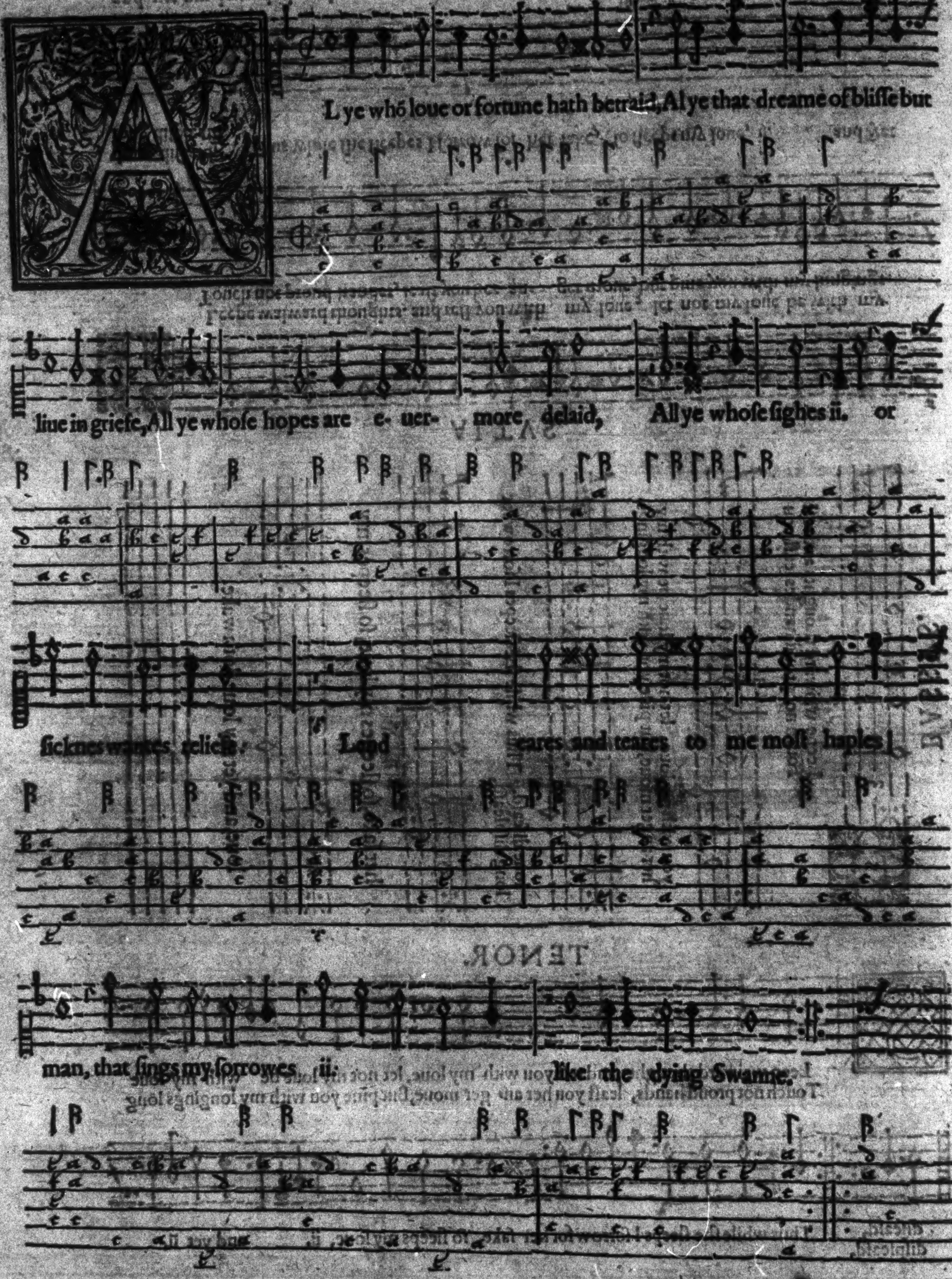
BASSVS.


SLeepe waiward thoughts and reſt you
Touch not proud handes leaſt you
you with my loue, let not my loue be with my
her anger moue, but pine you with my longings
Thus while ſhe ſleepes I ſorrow for
loue diſeaſd,
long diſpleaſd,
her ſake, ſo ſleepes my loue, ſo ſleepes my
loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

TENOR.

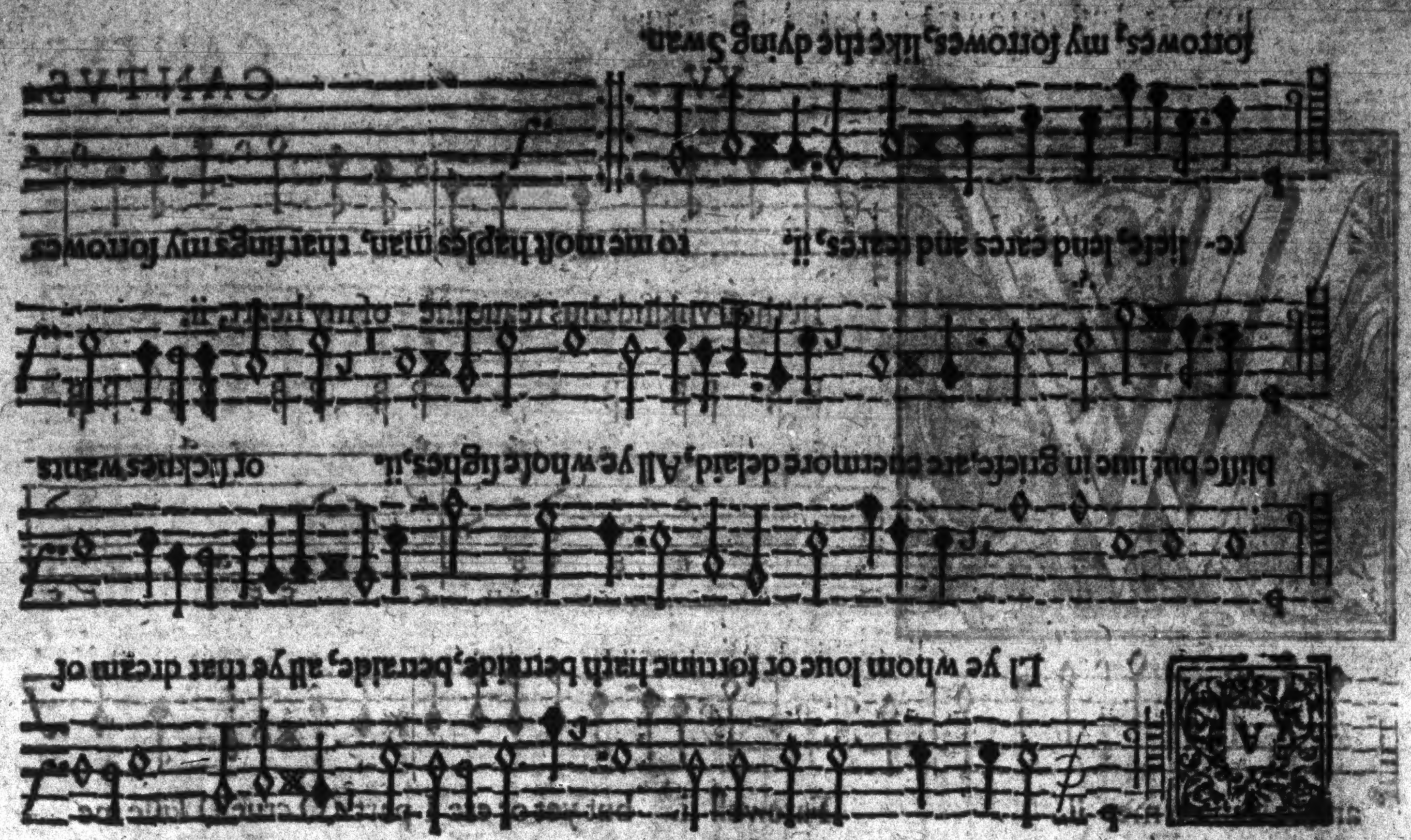

SLeep waiward thoughts, and reſt you with my loue, let not my loue be with my loue
Touch not proud hands, leaſt you her an- ger moue, But pine you with my longings long
diſeaſd,
diſpleaſd,
Thus while ſhe ſleeps I ſorrow for her ſake, ſo ſleeps my loue, ij. and yet ij.
my loue doth wake.

XIIII.

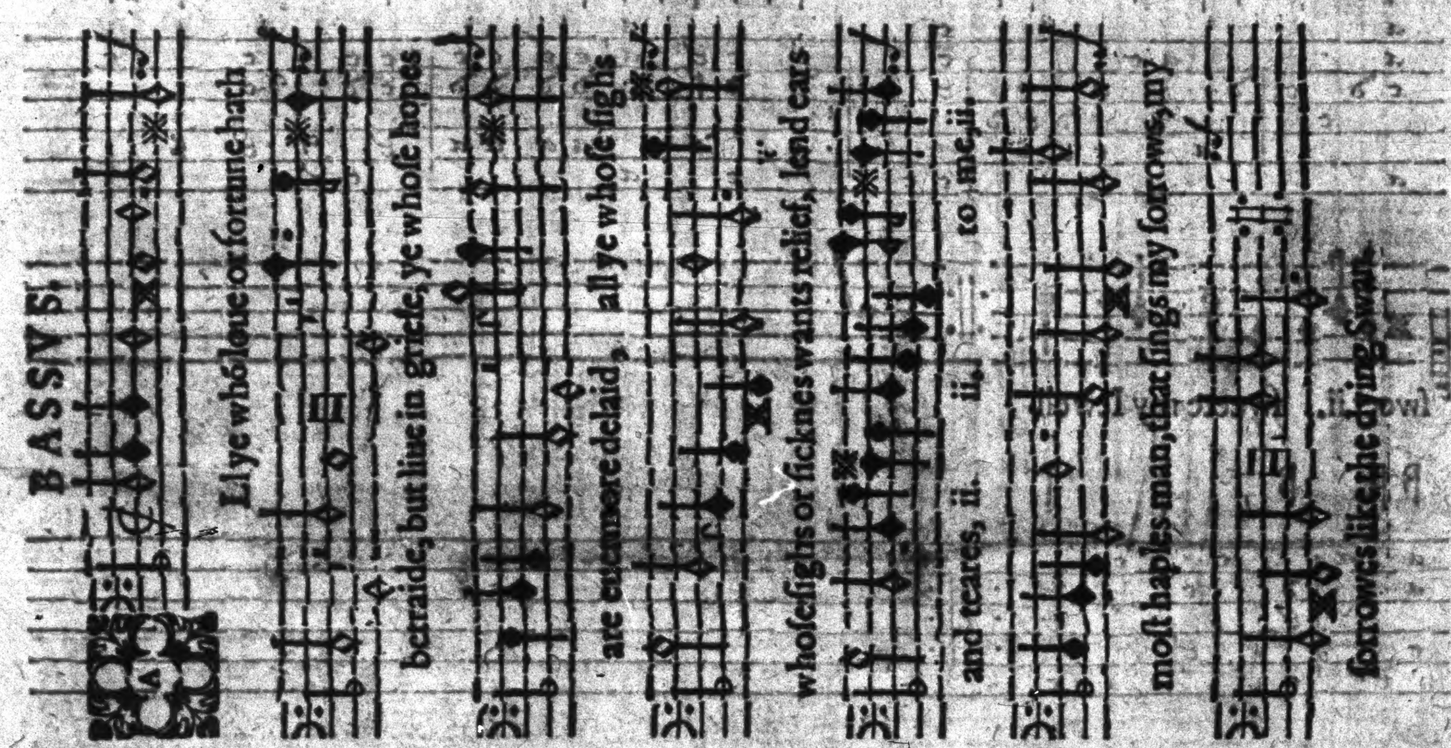

A
L ye who loue or fortune hath betraid, Al ye that dreame of bliſſe but
liue in griefe, All ye whoſe hopes are e- uer- more delaid, All ye whoſe ſighes ii. or
ſicknes wantes relief: Lend eares and teares to me moſt hapleſ
man, that ſings my ſorrowes ii. like the dying Swanne.

Care that conſumes the heart with inward paine,
Paine that preſents ſad care in outward view,
Both tyrant like enforce me to complaine,
But ſtill in vaine, for none my plaints will rue,
Teares, ſighes, and ceaſeles cries alone I ſpend,
My woe wants comfort, and my ſorrow end.

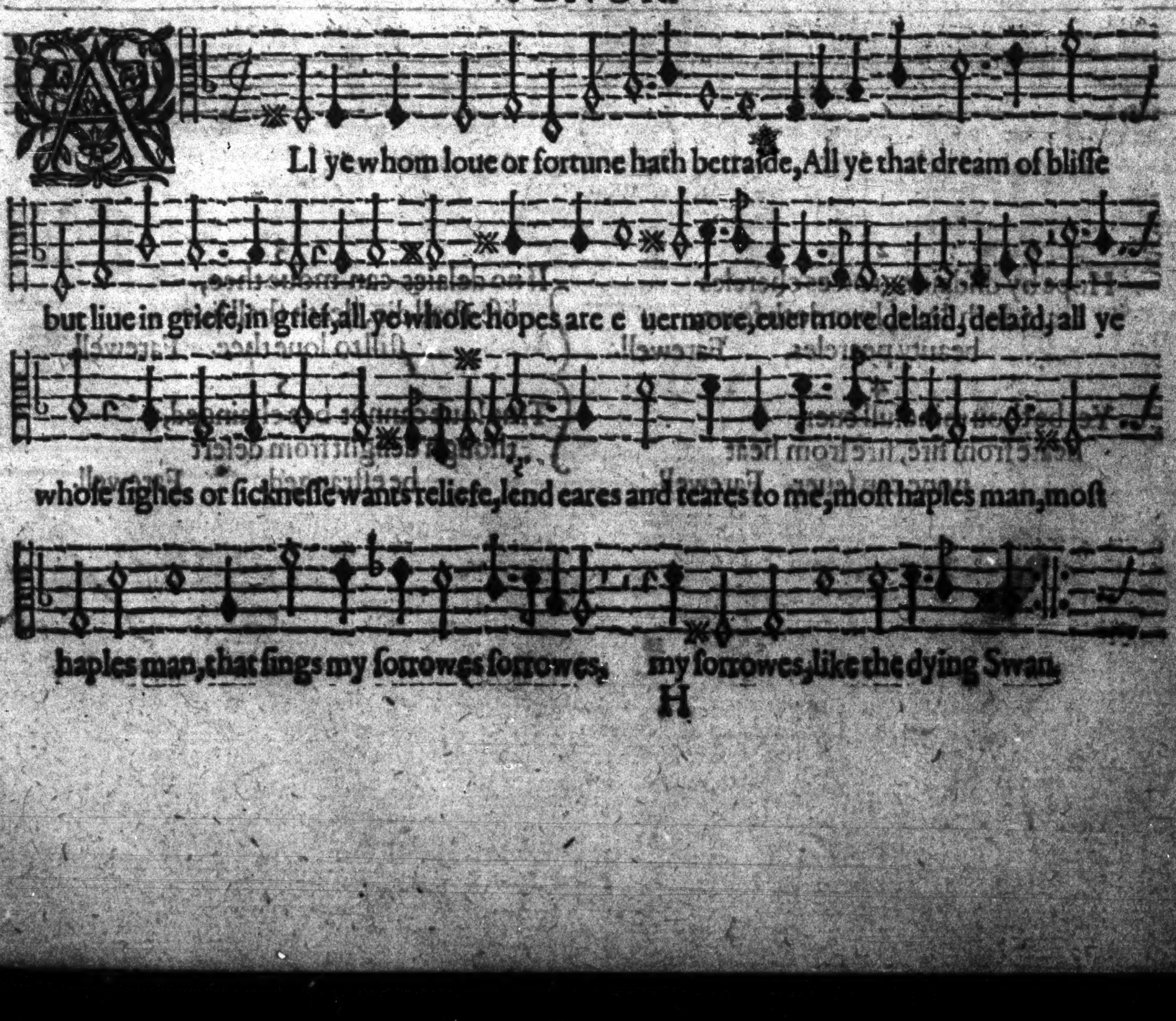
ALTVS.


All ye whom loue or fortune hath betraide, all ye that dream of
bliſſe but liue in griefe, are euermore delaid, All ye whoſe ſighes, ii. or ſicknes wants
re- liefe, lend eares and teares, ii. to me moſt hapleſs man, that ſings my ſorrowes
ſorrowes, my ſorrowes, like the dying Swan.

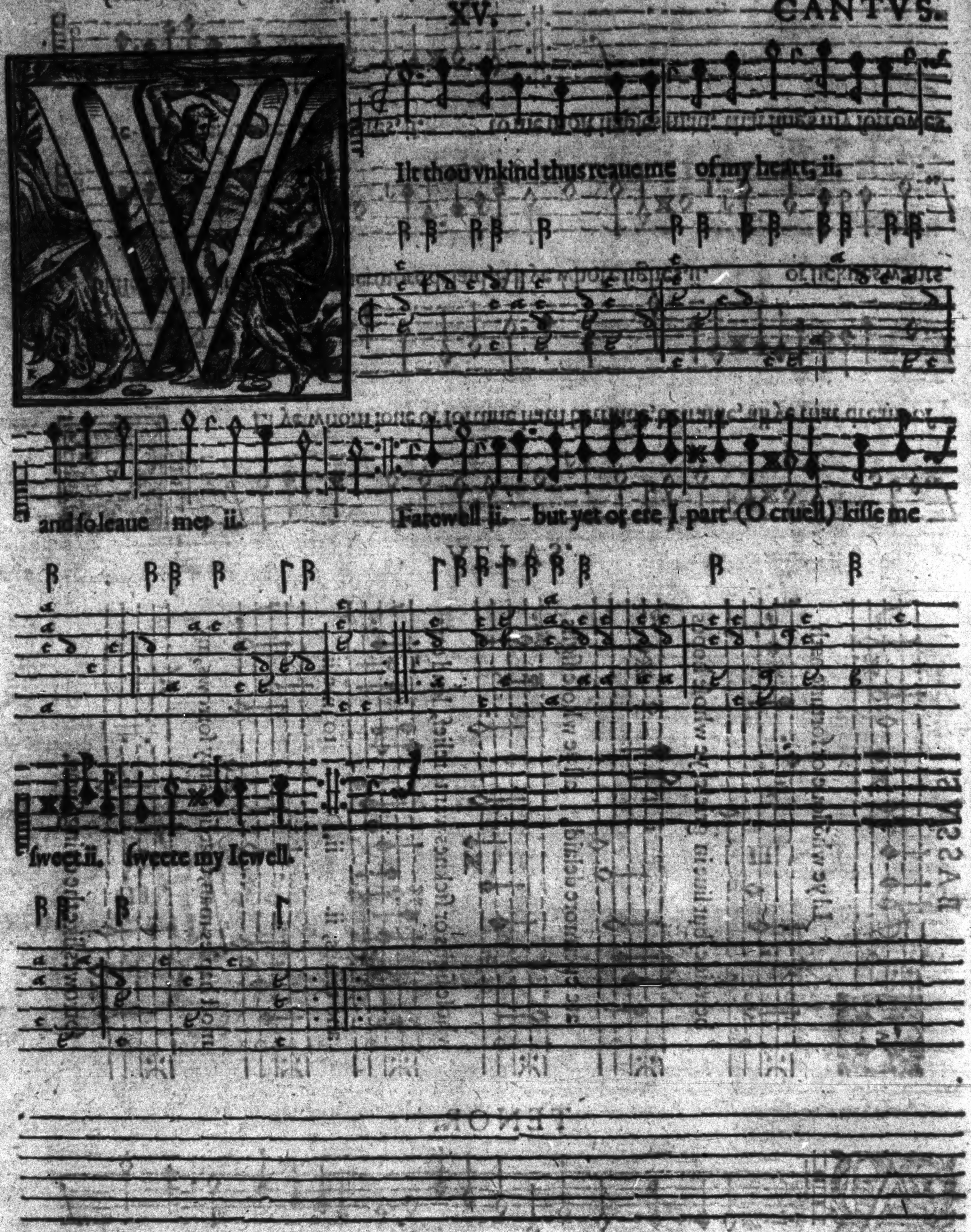
BASSVS.


All ye whom loue or fortune hath betraide, but liue in griefe, ye whoſe hopes are euermore delaid, all ye whoſe ſighs whoſe ſighs or ſicknes wants relief, lend eares and teares, ii. to me, ii. moſt haples man, that ſings my ſorrows, my ſorrowes like the dying Swan.

TENOR.


All ye whom loue or fortune hath betraide, All ye that dream of bliſſe
but liue in griefe, in grief, all ye whoſe hopes are e uermore, euermore delaid, delaid, all ye
whoſe ſighes or ſickneſſe wants reliefe, lend eares and teares to me, moſt haples man, moſt
haples man, that ſings my ſorrowes ſorrowes, my ſorrowes, like the dying Swan.

XV.

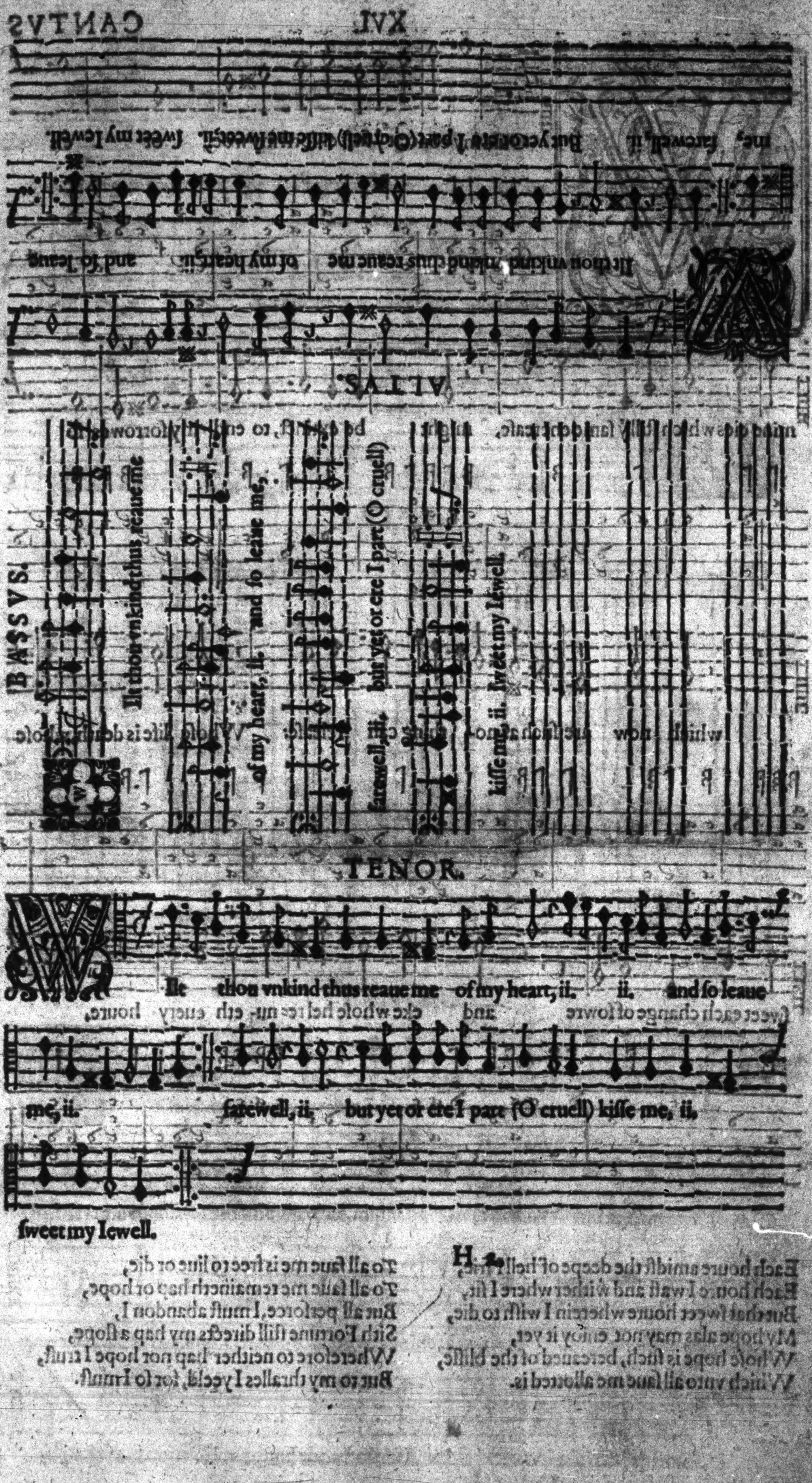

V
Ilt thou vnkind thus reaue me of my heart, ii.
and ſo leaue me, ii.
Farewell, ii. but yet or ere I part (O cruell) kiſſe me
ſweet, ii. ſweete my Iewell.

2
Hope by diſdaine growes chereles
feare doth loue, loue doth feare,
beauty peareles. Farewell.

4
Yet be thou mindfull euer,
heate from fire, fire from heat
none can ſeuer. Farewell.

3
If no delaies can moue thee,
life ſhall die, death ſhall liue
ſtill to loue thee. Farewell.

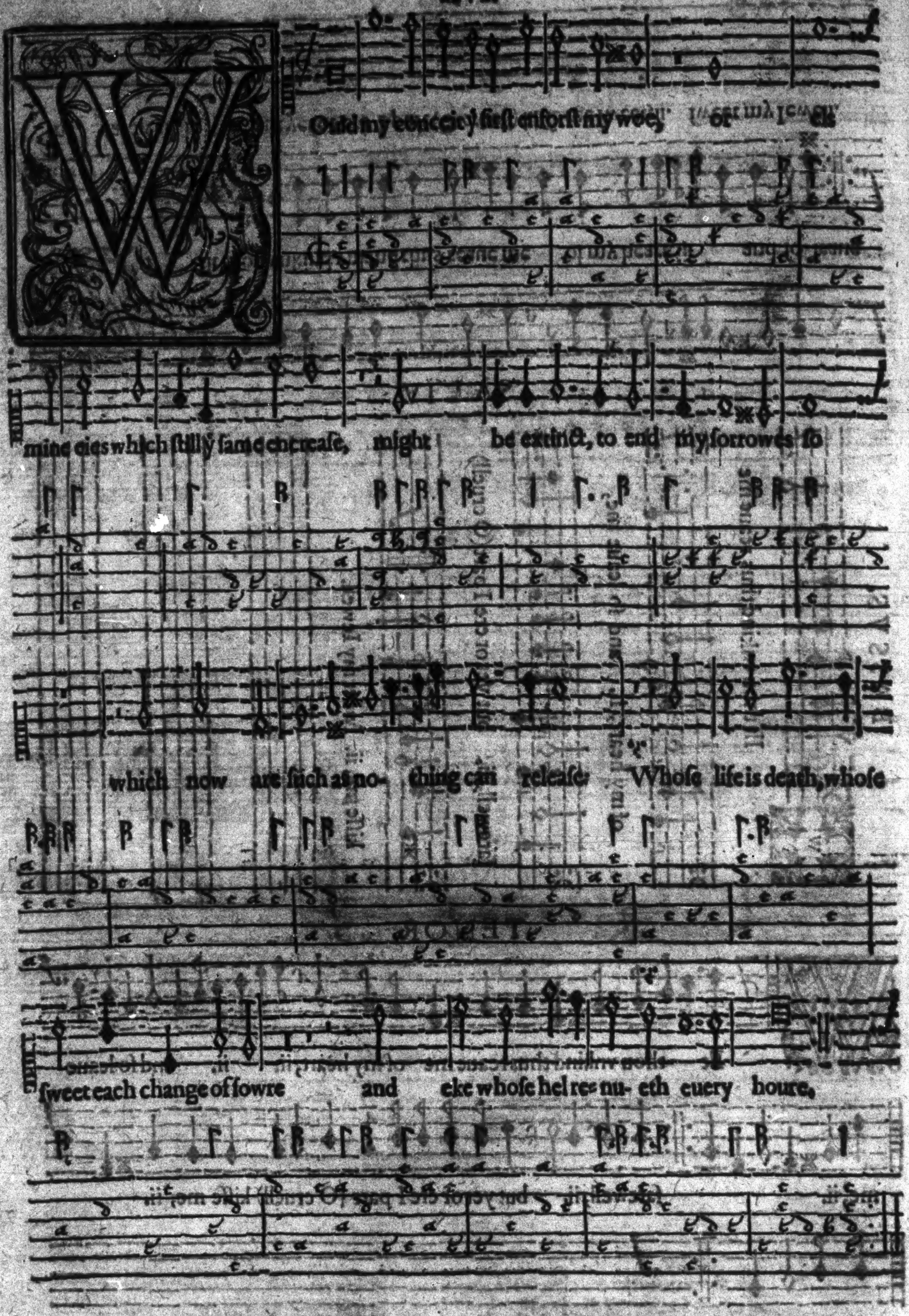
5
True loue cannot bee chainged,
though delight from deſert
be eſtranged. Farewell.


CANTVS XVI
me, farewell, ii. But yet or ere I part (O cruell) kiſſe me ſweet, ii. ſweet my Iewell.
ilt thou vnkind thus reaue me of my heart, ii. and ſo leaue
ALTVS
BASSVS.
ilt thou vnkind thus reaue me of my heart, ii. and ſo leaue me, farewell, ii. but yet or ere I part (O cruell) kiſſe me, ii. ſweet my Iewell.
TENOR
ilt thou vnkind thus reaue me of my heart, ii. ii. and ſo leaue me, ii. farewell, ii. but yet or ere I part (O cruell) kiſſe me, ii. ſweet my Iewell.

To all ſaue me is free to liue or die,
To all ſaue me remaineth hap or hope,
But all perforce, I muſt abandon I,
Sith Fortune ſtill directs my hap a ſlope,
Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I truſt,
But to my thralles I yeeld, for ſo I muſt.

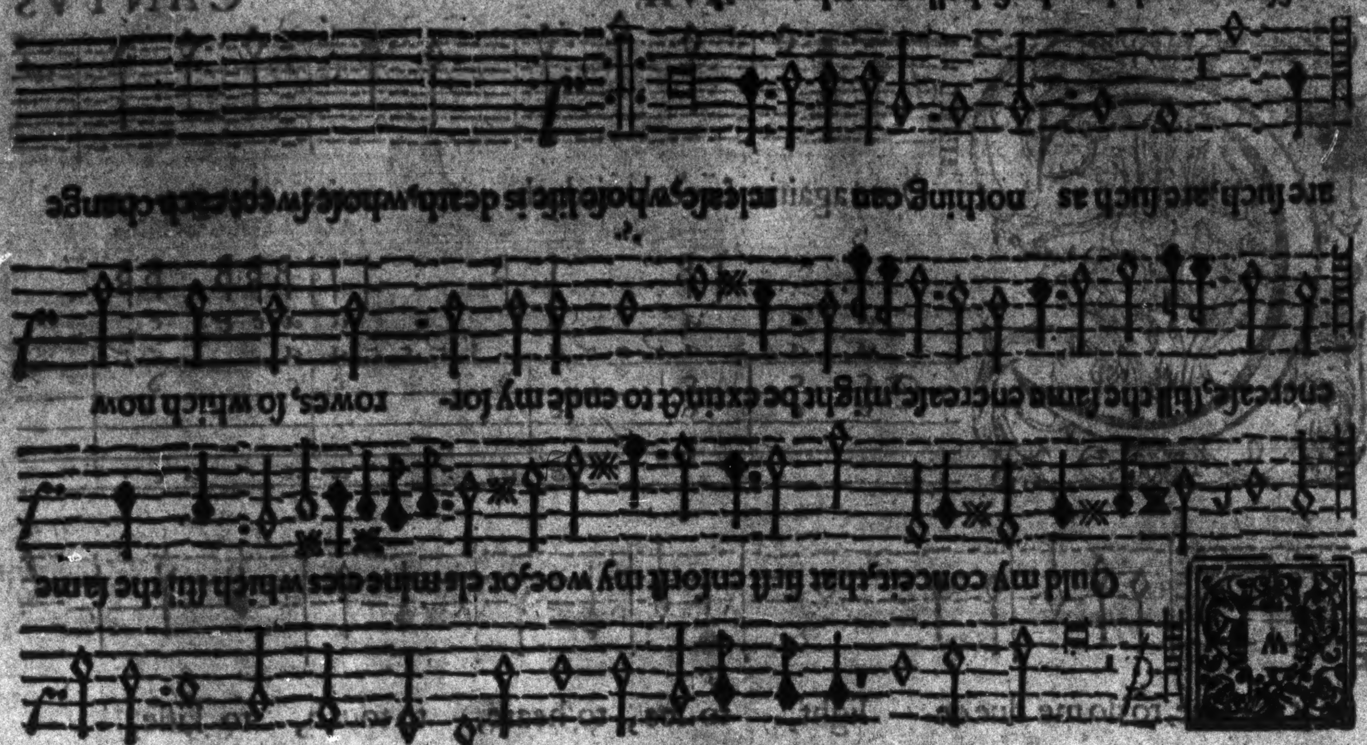
H

Each houre amidſt the deepe of hell I frie,
Each houre I waſt and wither where I ſit,
But that ſweet houre wherein I wiſh to die,
My hope alas may not enioy it yet,
Whoſe hope is ſuch, bereaued of the bliſſe,
Which vnto all ſaue me alloted is.


W
Ould my conceit y first enforst my woe, or els
mine eies which still y same encrease, might be extinct, to end my sorrowes so
which now are such as no- thing can release: Whose life is death, whose
ſweet each change of ſowre and eke whoſe hel re- nu- eth euery houre.

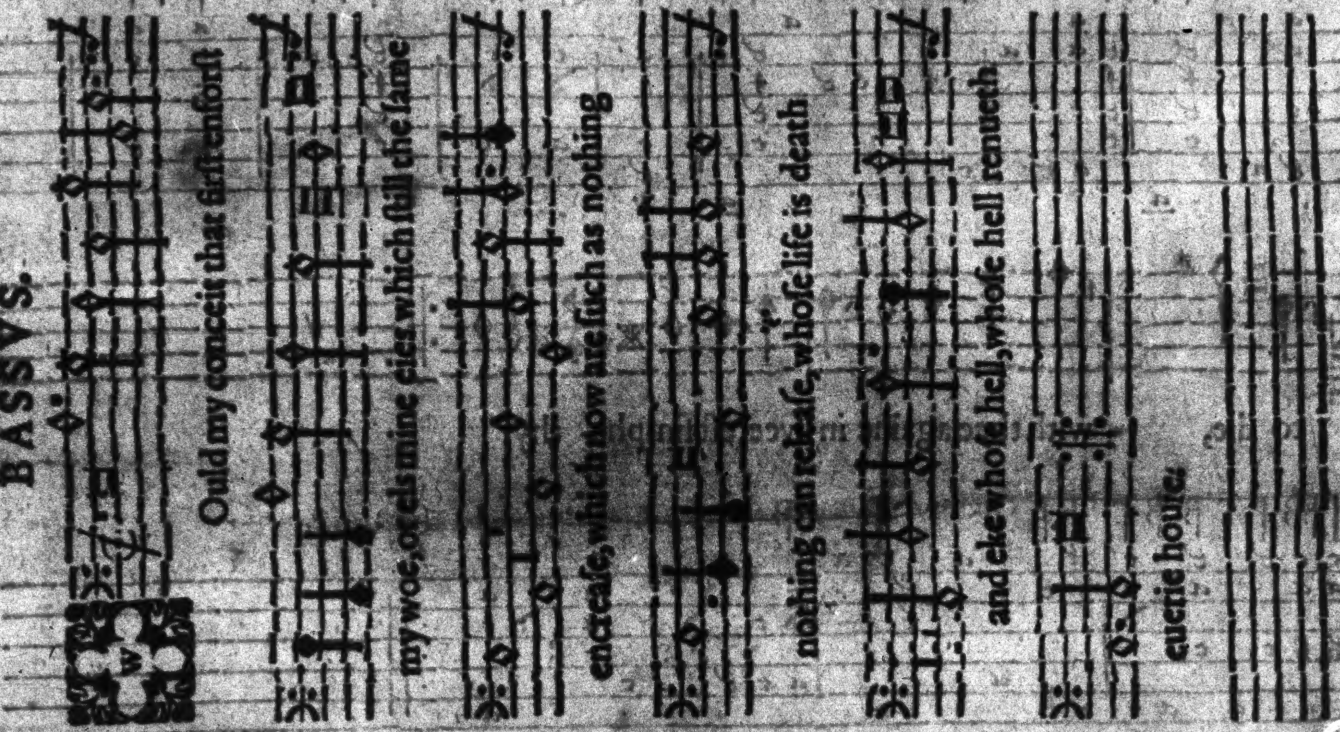
Each houre amidſt the deepe of hell I frie,
Each houre I waſt and wither where I ſit,
But that ſweet houre wherein I wiſh to die,
My hope alas may not enioy it yet,
Whoſe hope is ſuch, bereaued of the bliſſe,
Which vnto all ſaue me allotted is.

To all ſaue me is free to liue or die,
To all ſaue me remaineth hap or hope,
But all perforce, I muſt abandon I,
Sith Fortune ſtill directs my hap a ſlope,
Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I truſt,
But to my thralles I yeeld, for ſo I muſt.

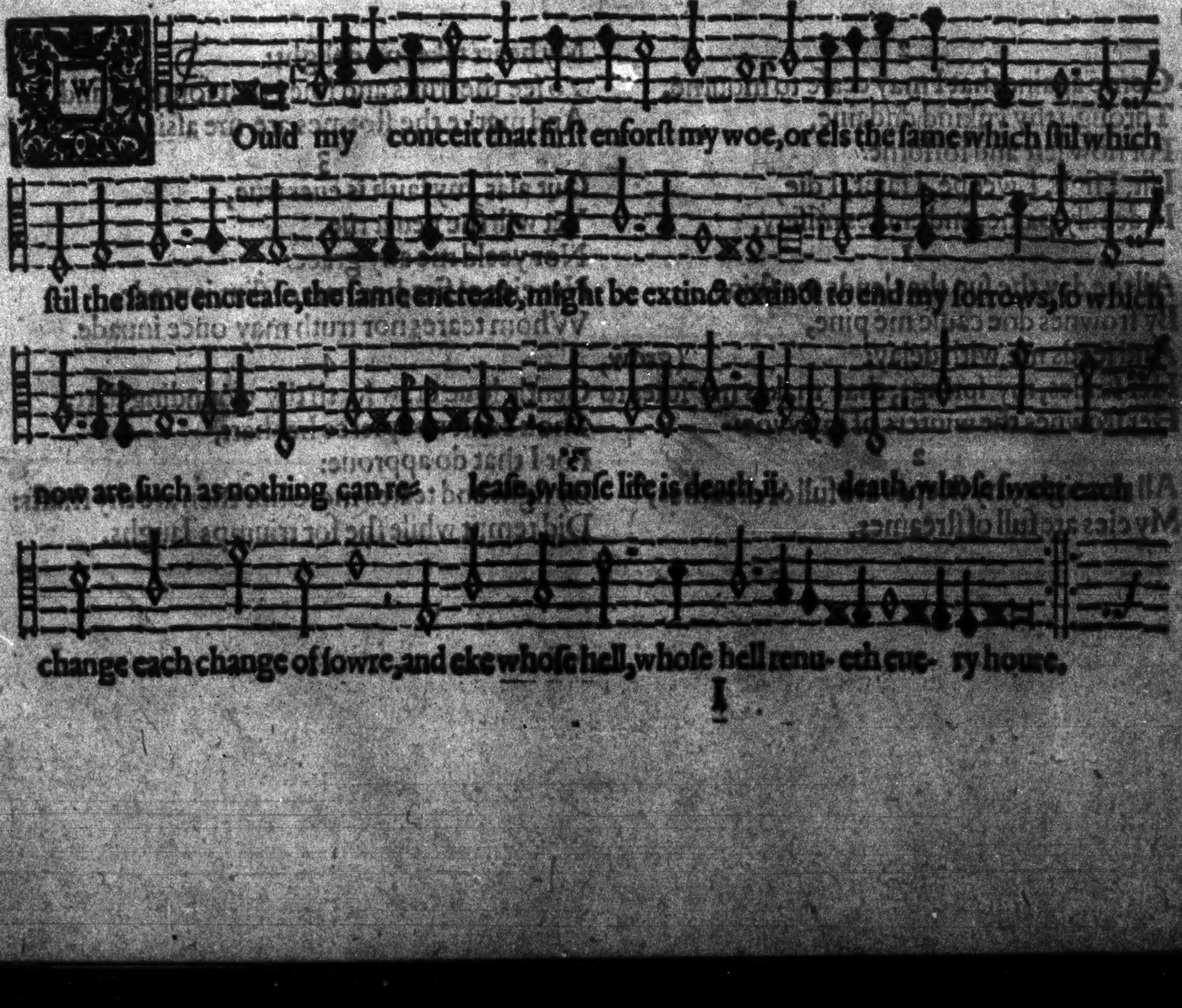

Ould my conceit, that firſt enforſt my woe, or els mine eies which ſtil the ſame
encreaſe, ſtil the ſame encreaſe, might be extinct, to ende my ſor- rowes, ſo which now
are ſuch, are ſuch as nothing can againe releaſe, whoſe life is death, whoſe ſweet each change
of ſowre, and eke whoſe hell renueth euery houre.

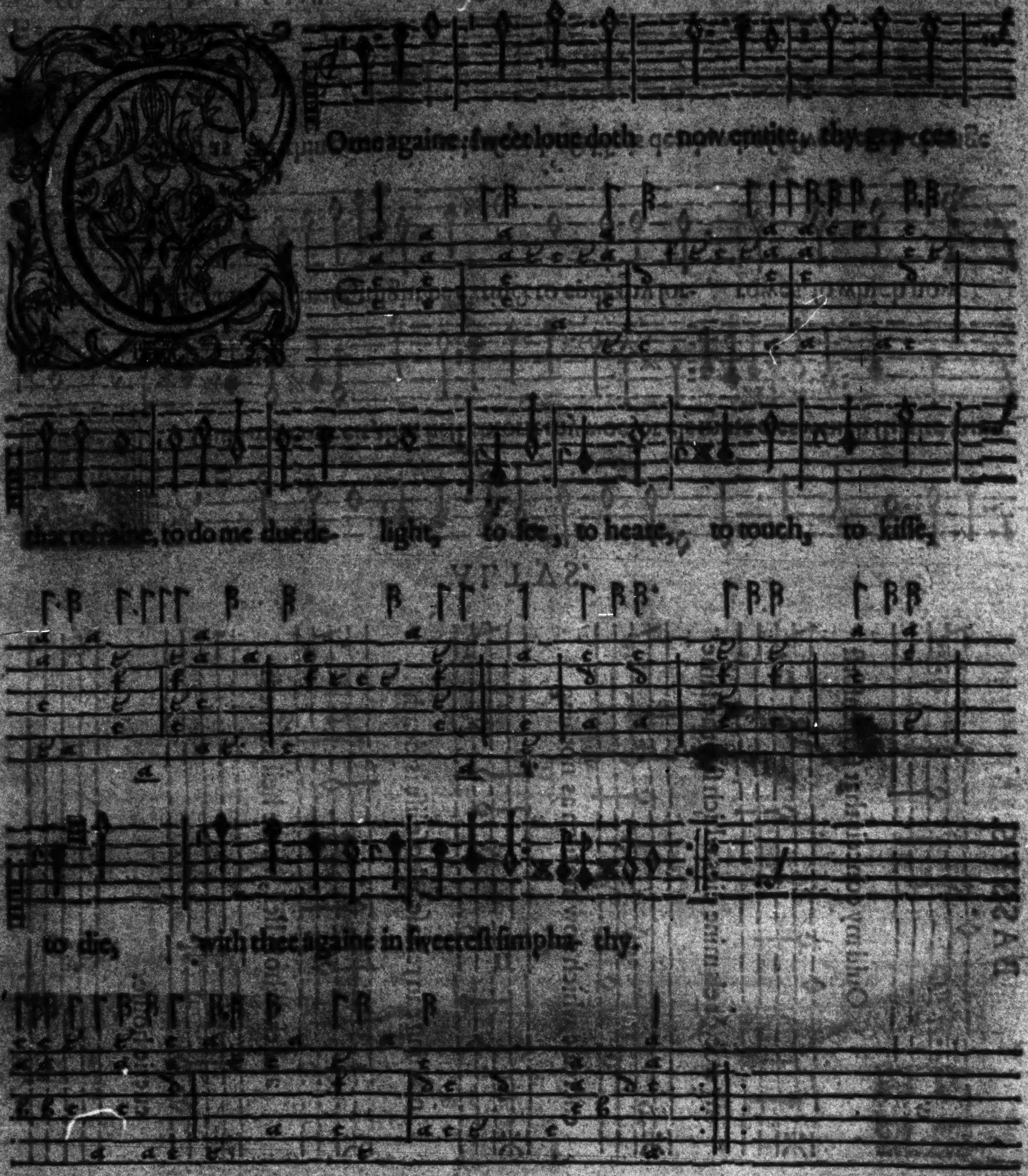
ALTVS.

BASSVS.


Ould my conceit that firſt enforſt
my woe, or els mine eies which ſtil the ſame
encreaſe, which now are ſuch as nothing
can releaſe, whoſe life is death
and eke whoſe hell, whoſe hell renueth
euerie houre.

TENOR.


Ould my conceit that firſt enforſt my woe, or els the ſame which ſtil which
ſtil the ſame encreaſe, the ſame encreaſe, might be extinct extinct to end my ſorrows, ſo which
now are ſuch as nothing can re- leaſe, whoſe life is death, ii. death, whoſe ſweet each
change each change of ſowre, and eke whoſe hell, whoſe hell renu- eth eue- ry houre.


Ome againe, ſweete loue doth now enuite, thy gra- ces
that refraine, to do me due de- light, to ſee, to heare, to touch, to kiſſe,
to die, with thee againe in ſweeteſt ſimpha- thy.

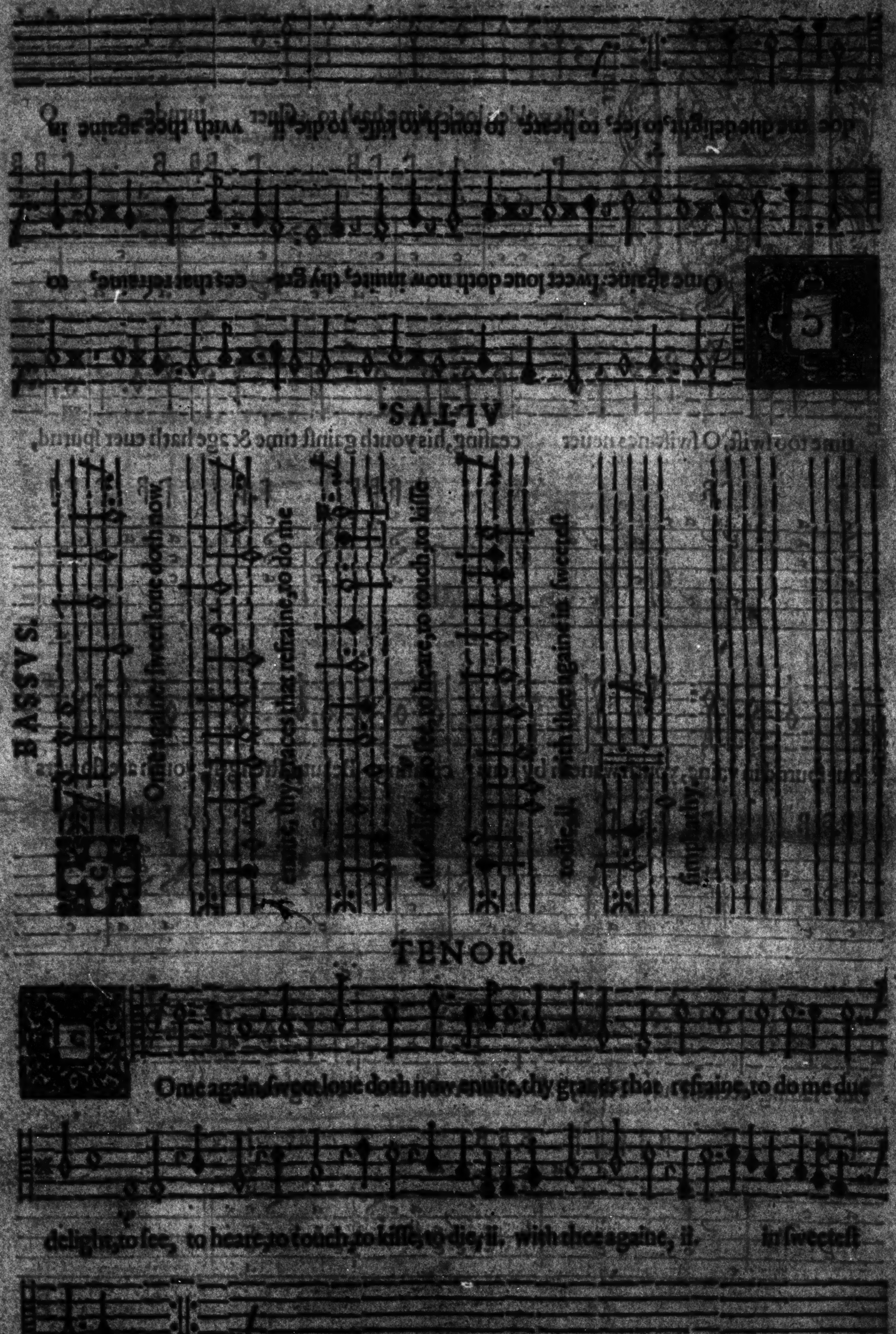
2
Come againe that I may ceaſe to mourne,
Through thy vnkind diſdaine,
For now left and forlorne:
I ſit, I ſigh, I weepe, I faint, I die,
In deadly paine, and endles miſery.

1
All the day the ſun that lends me ſhine,
By frownes doe cauſe me pine,
And feeds me with delay:
Her ſmiles, my ſprings, that makes my ioies to (grow,
Her frownes the winters of my woe:

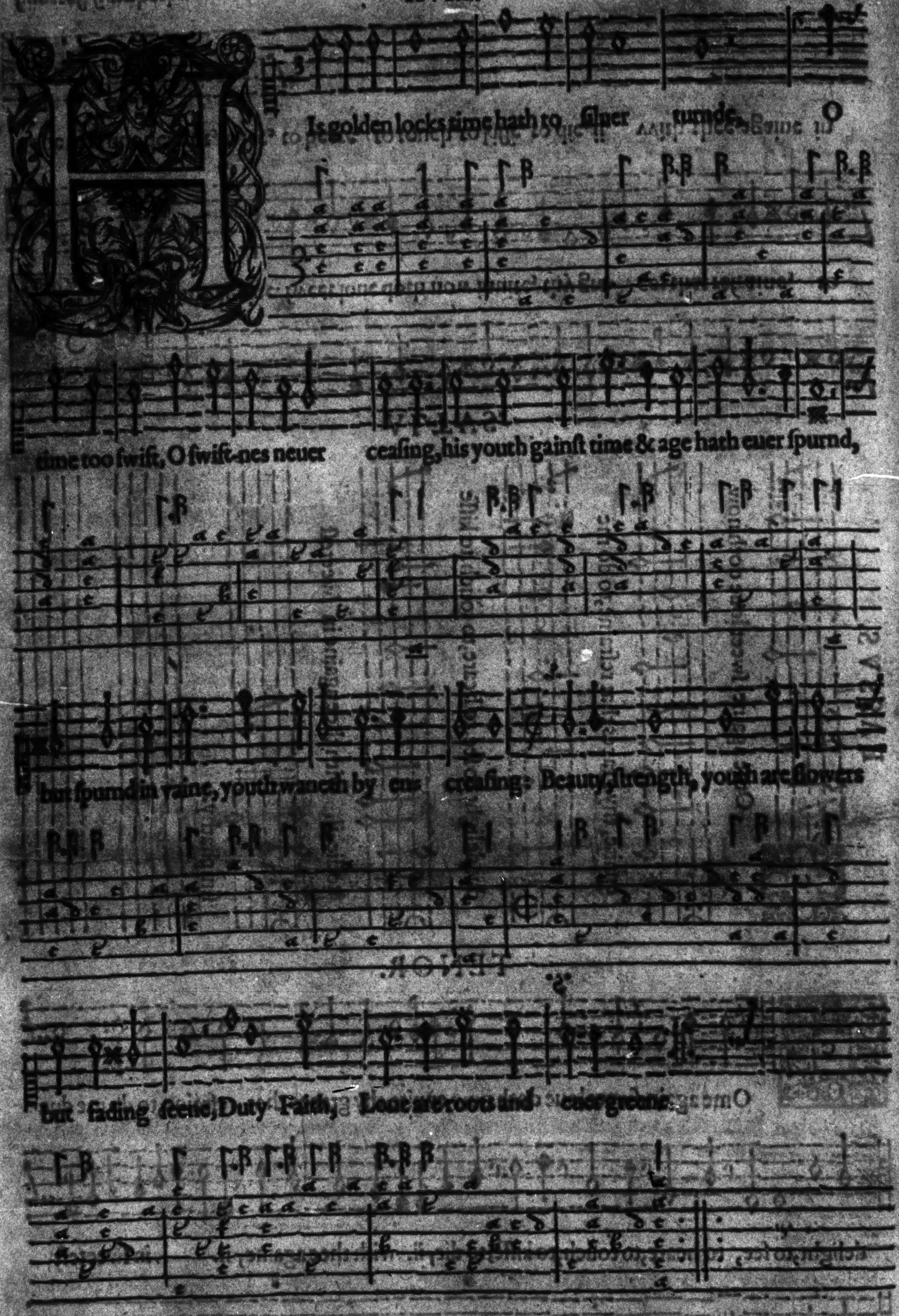
2
All the night, my ſleepes are full of dreames,
My eies are full of ſtreames,
My heart takes no delight:
To ſee the fruits and ioies that ſome do find,
And marke the ſtormes are me aſsignd,

3
Out alas, my faith is euer true,
Yet will ſhe neuer rue,
Nor yeeld me any grace:
Her eies of fire, her hart of flint is made,
Whom teares nor truth may once inuade.

4
Gentle loue draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canſt not pierce her hart,
For I that do approue:
By ſighs and teares more hot then are thy ſhafts:
Did tempt while ſhe for triumps laughs.

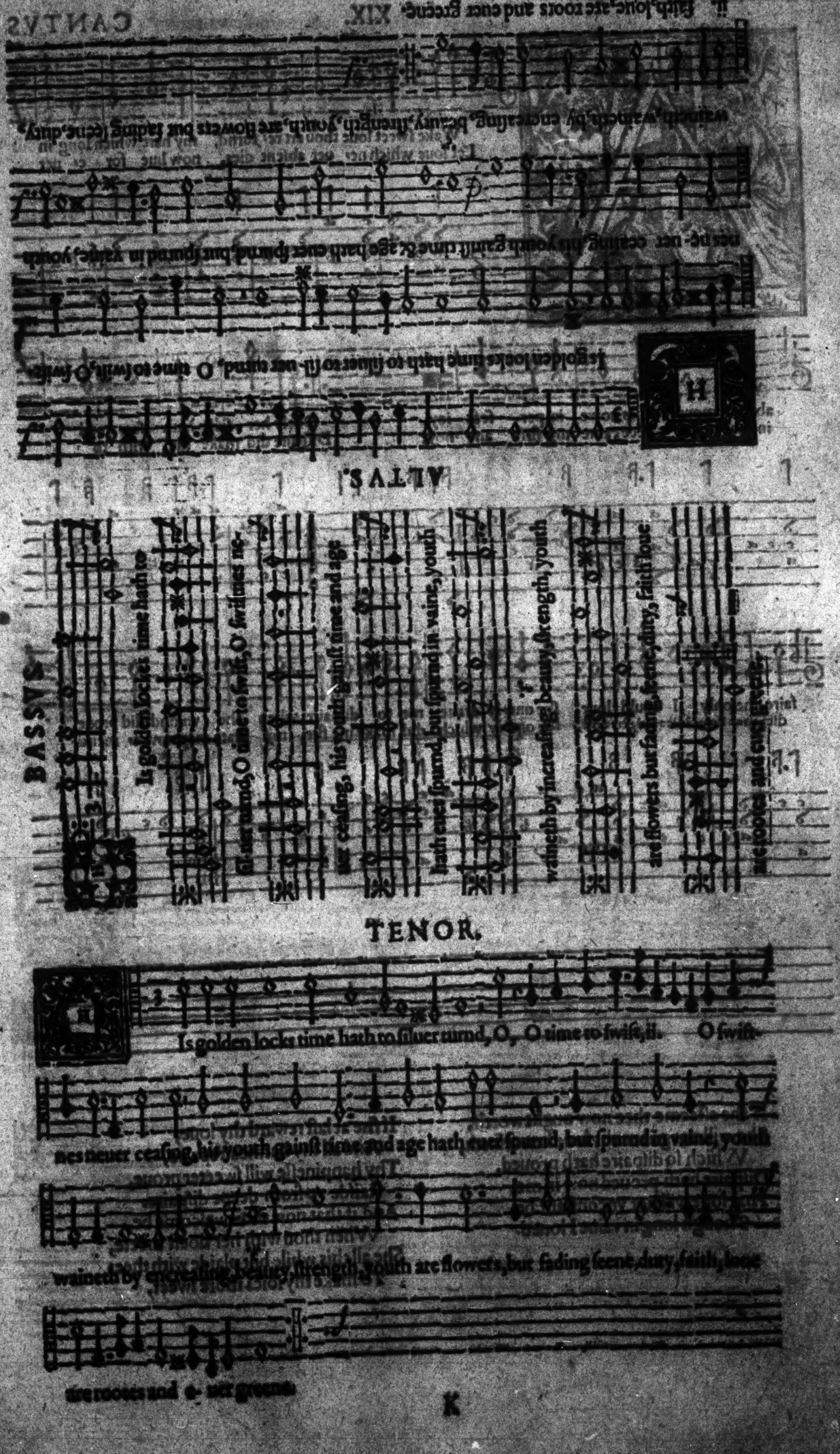

ALTVS.
Come againe: sweet loue doth now inuite, thy gra- ces that refraine, to
doe me due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, ii. with thee againe in
sweetest sympathy.
BASSVS.
Come againe: sweet loue doth now
enuite, thy graces that refraine, to doe me
due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse,
to die, ii. with thee againe in sweetest
sympathy.
TENOR.
Come againe, sweet loue doth now enuite, thy graces that refraine, to do me due
delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, ii. with thee againe, ii. in sweetest

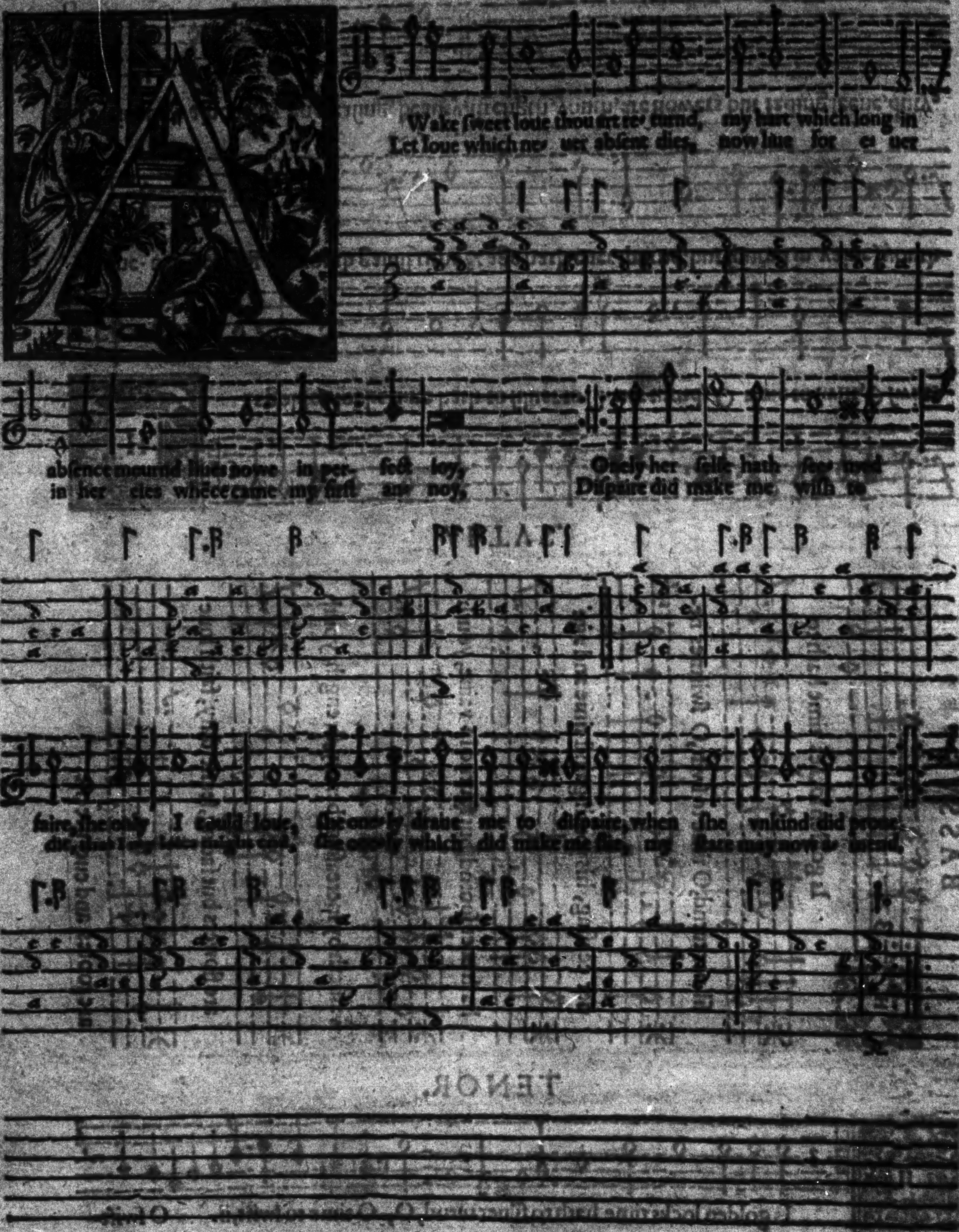
XVIII.


His golden locks time hath to ſiluer turnde, O
time too ſwift, O ſwift-nes neuer ceaſing, his youth gainſt time & age hath euer ſpurnd,
but ſpurnd in vaine, youth waneth by en- creaſing: Beauty, ſtrength, youth are flowers
but fading ſeene, Duty, Faith, Loue are roots and euer greene.

His helmet now ſhall make a hiue for bees,
And louers ſonets turne to holy pſalmes:
A man at armes muſt now ſerue on his knees,
And feed on praiers which are ages almes,
But though from court to cotage he depart
His ſaint is ſure of his vnſpotted heart.

And when he ſaddeſt ſits in homely Cell,
Hele teach his ſwaines this Caroll for a ſong,
Bleſt be the hearts that wiſh my ſoueraigne wel,
Curſt be the ſoule that thinke her any wrong:
Goddes allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadſman now that was your knight.

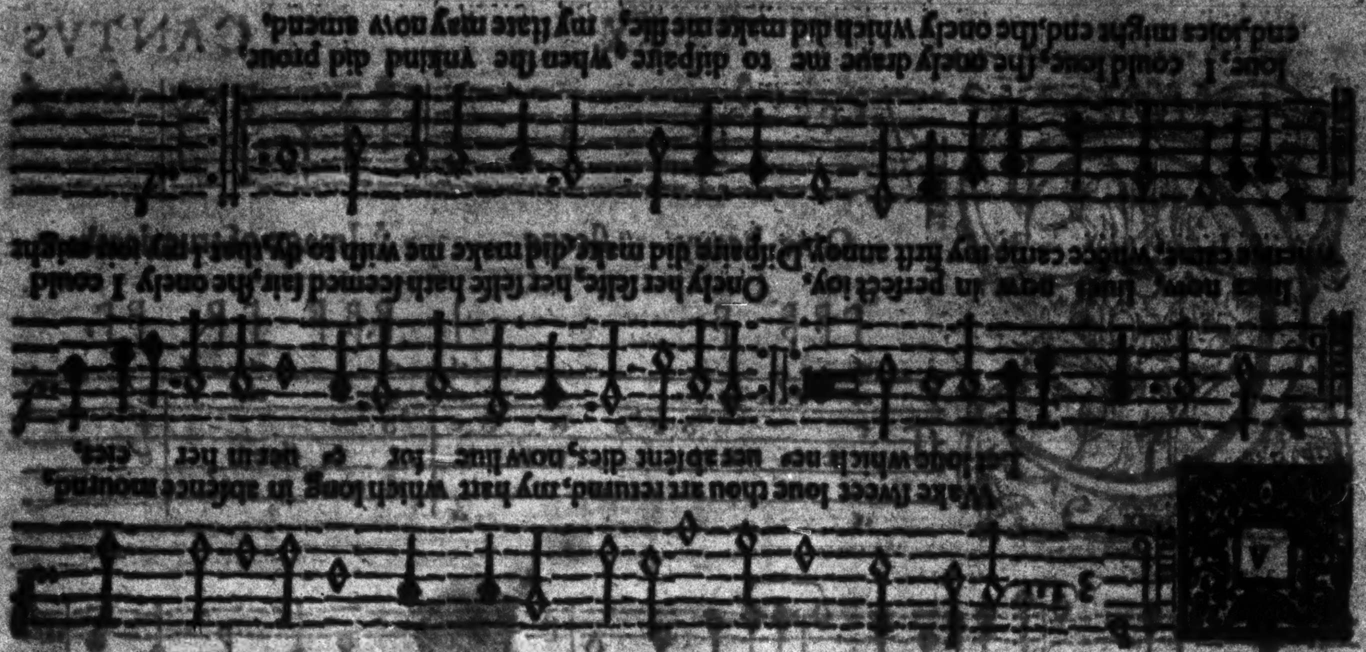

CANTVS
XIX.
His golden locks time hath to filuer turnd, O time to swift, O swift-
nes ne-uer ceasing, his youth gainst time & age hath euer spurnd, but spurnd in vaine, youth
waineth, waineth by encreasing, beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seene, duty,
faith, loue, are roots and euer greene. ij.
ALTVS.
BASSVS
His golden locks time hath to
filuer turnd, O time to swift, O swiftnes ne-
uer ceasing, his youth gainst time and age
hath euer spurnd, but spurnd in vaine, youth
waineth by increasing, beauty, strength, youth
are flowers but fading, seene, duty, faith, loue
are rootes and euer greene.
TENOR.
His golden locks time hath to filuer turnd, O, O time to swift, ij. O swift-
nes neuer ceasing, his youth gainst time and age hath euer spurnd, but spurnd in vaine, youth
waineth by encreasing, beauty, strength, youth are flowers, but fading seene, duty, faith, loue
are rootes and e- uer greene.


A
Wake ſweet loue thou art re- turnd, my hart which long in
Let loue which ne- uer abſent dies, now liue for e- uer
abſence mournd liues nowe in per- fect ioy,
in her eies whẽce came my firſt an- noy,
Onely her ſelfe hath ſee- med
Diſpaire did make me wiſh to
faire, ſhe only I could loue, ſhe onely draue me to diſpaire, when ſhe vnkind did proue.
die, that I my ioies might end, ſhe onely which did make me flie, my ſtate may now a- mend.

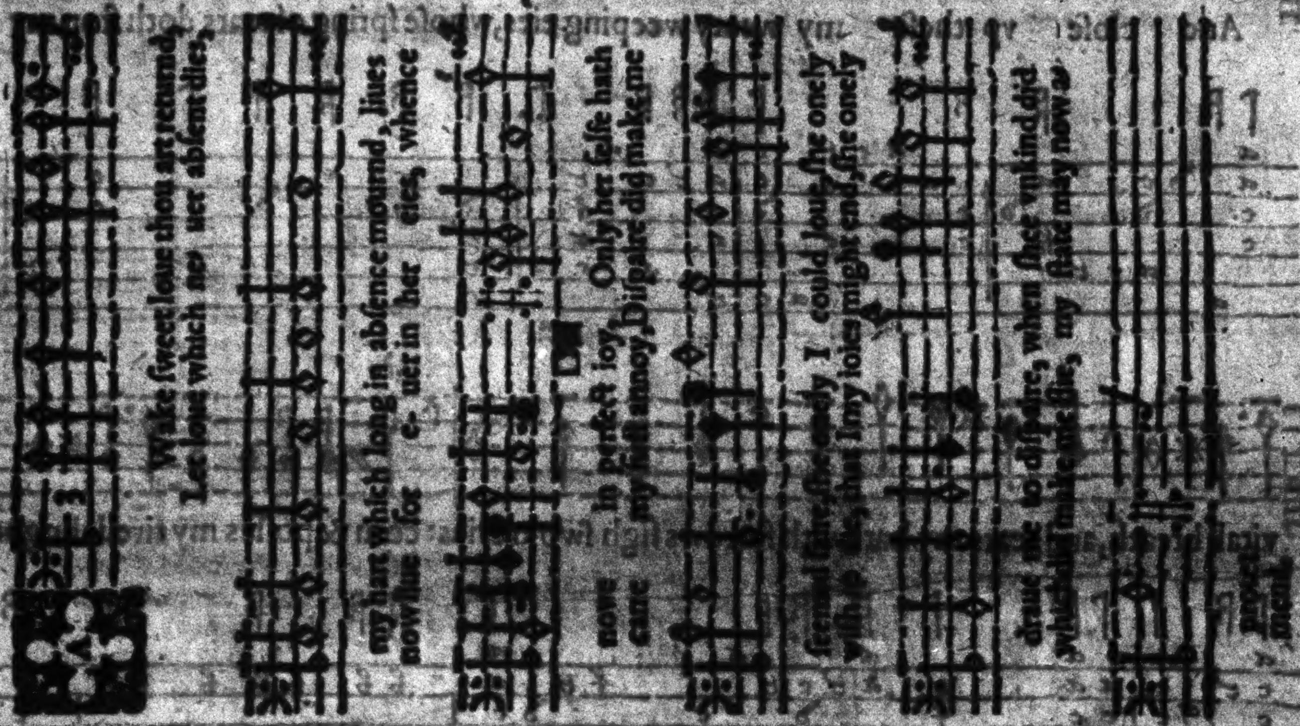
If ſhe eſteeme thee now ought worth,
She will not grieue thy loue henceforth,
Which ſo diſpaire hath proued,
Diſpaire hath proued now in me,
That loue will not vnconſtant be,
Though long in vaine I loued.

If ſhe at laſt reward thy loue,
And all thy harmes repaire,
Thy happineſſe will ſweeter proue,
Raiſde vp from deepe diſpaire.
And if that now thou welcome be,
When thou with her doeſt meete,
She all this while but plaide with thee,
To make thy ioies more ſweet,

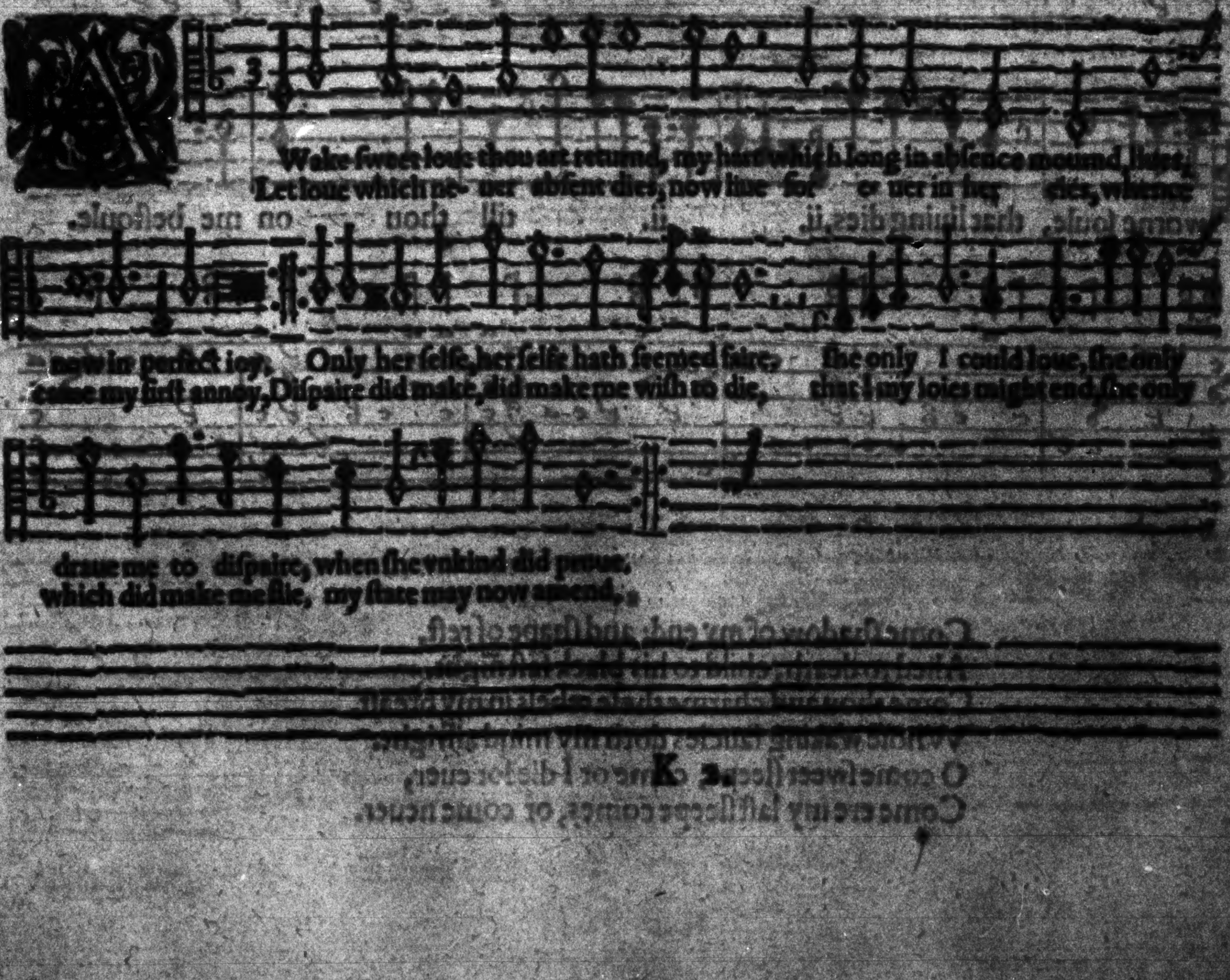
ALTVS.

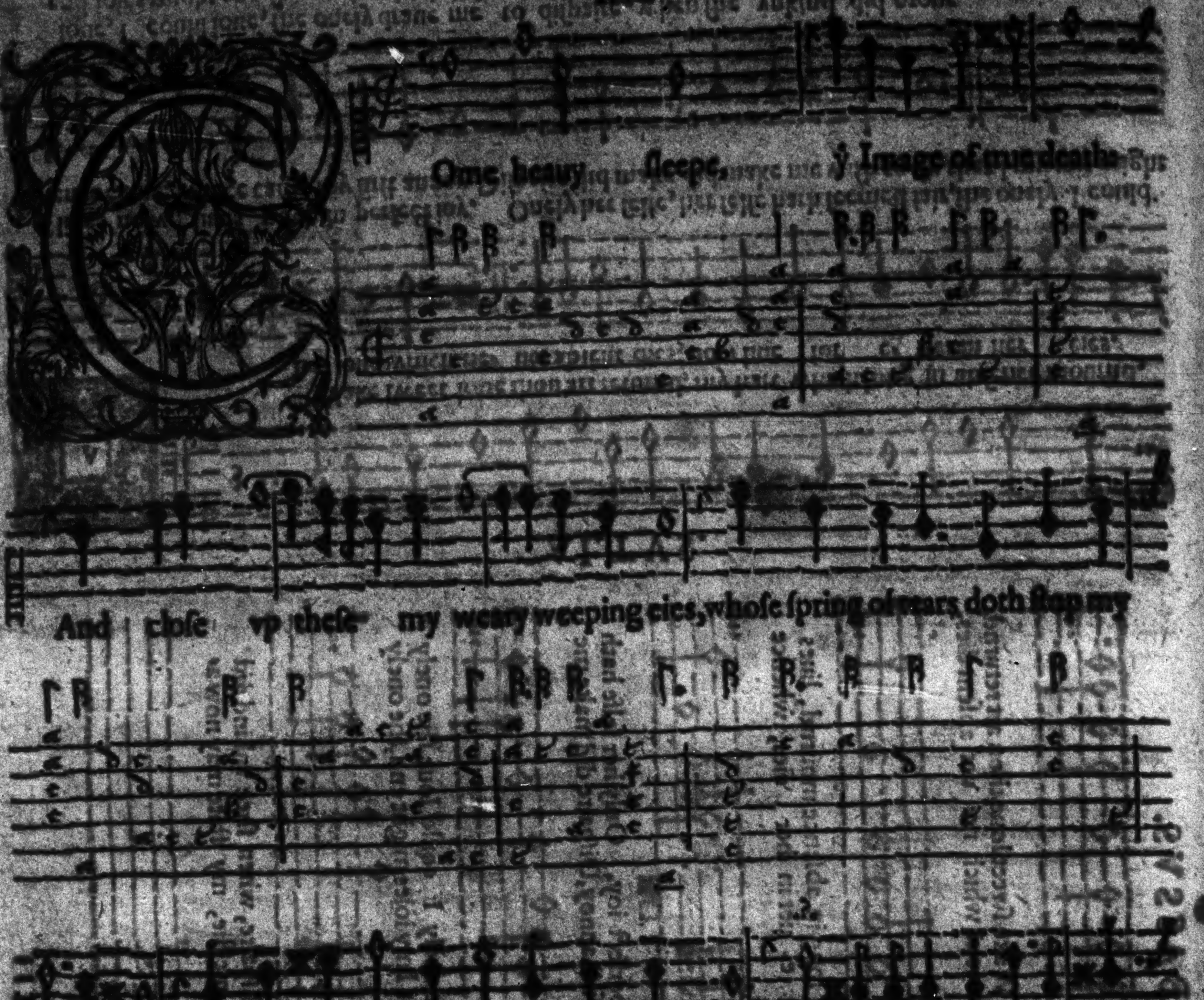

Wake sweete loue thou art returnd, my hart which long in absence mournd,
Let loue which ne- uer absent dies, now liue for e- uer in her eies,
liues now in perfect ioy, Only her selfe, her selfe hath seemed faire, she onely I could
whence came, whence came my first annoy, Dispaire did make, did make me wish to die, that I my ioies might
loue, I could loue, she onely draue me to dispaire, when she vnkind did proue,
end, ioies might end, she onely which did make me flie, my state may now amend.

BASSVS.


Wake sweet loue thou art returnd, my hart which long in absence mournd, liues now in perfect ioy, Only her selfe hath seemed faire, she onely I could loue, she onely draue me to dispaire, when she vnkind did proue.
Let loue which ne- uer absent dies, now liue for e- uer in her eies, whence came my first annoy, Dispaire did make me wish to die, that I my ioies might end, she onely which did make me flie, my state may now amend.

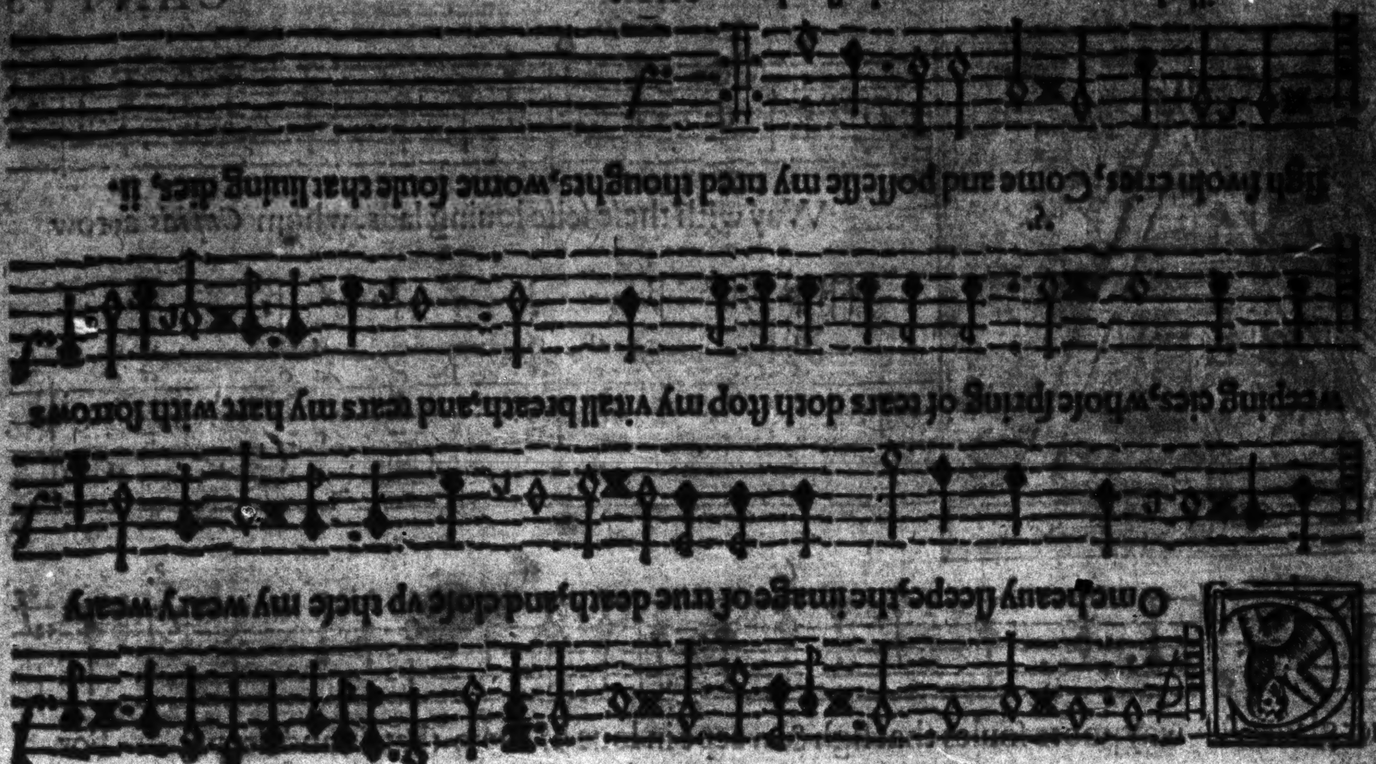
TENOR.


Wake sweet loue thou art returnd, my hart which long in absence mournd, liues
Let loue which ne- uer absent dies, now liue for e- uer in her eies, whence
now in perfect ioy, Only her selfe, her selfe hath seemed faire, she only I could loue, she only
came my first annoy, Dispaire did make, did make me wish to die, that I my ioies might end, she only
draue me to dispaire, when she vnkind did proue.
which did make me flie, my state may now amend.

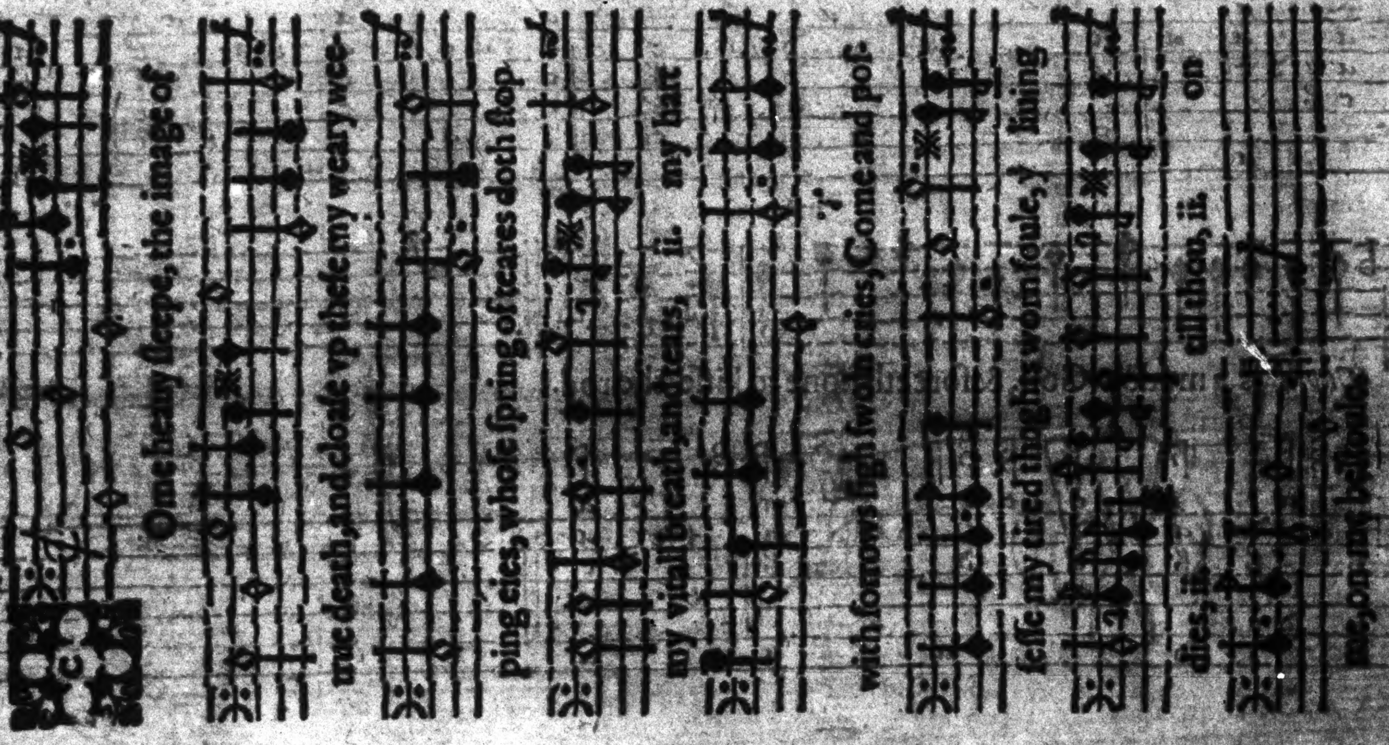

Come, heauy ſleepe, the Image of true death:
And cloſe vp theſe my weary weeping eies, whoſe ſpring of tears doth ſtop my
vitall breath, and tears my hart with ſorrows ſigh ſwoln cries: com & poſſes my tired thoghts,
worne ſoule, that liuing dies, ii. ii. till thou on me beſtoule.

Come ſhadow of my end: and ſhape of reſt,
Alied to death, child to his black faſt night,
Come thou and charme theſe rebels in my breaſt,
Whoſe waking fancies doth my mind affright.
O come ſweet ſleepe, come or I die for euer,
Come ere my laſt ſleepe comes, or come neuer.

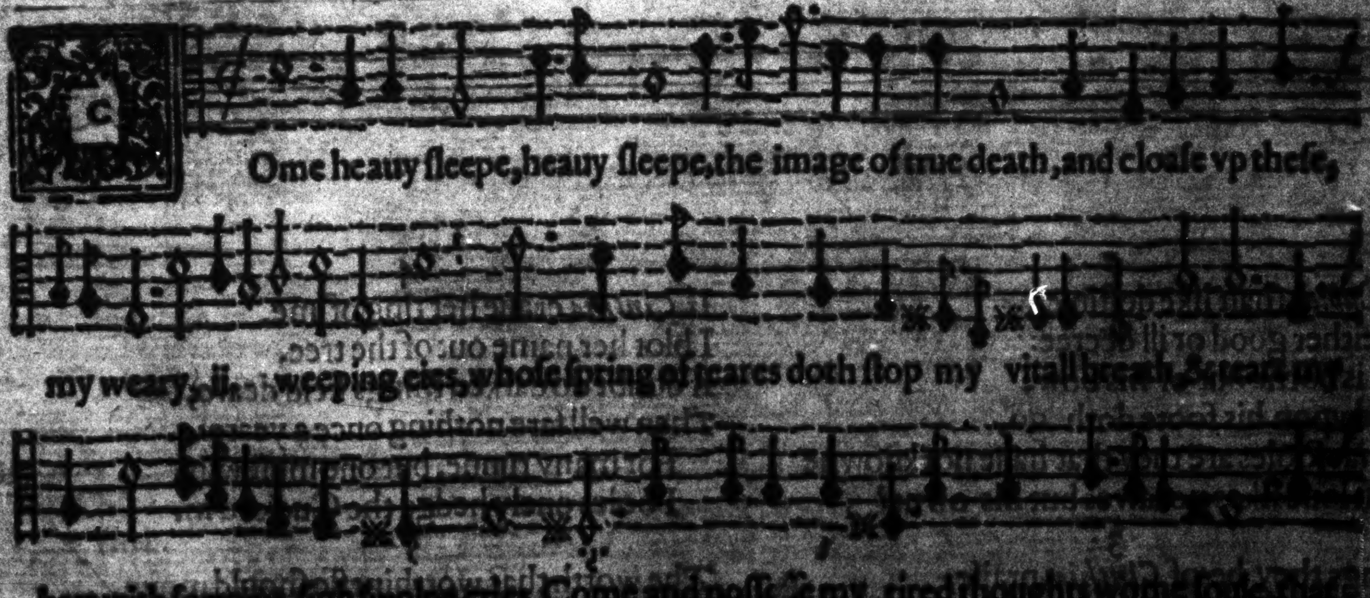
ALTVS.

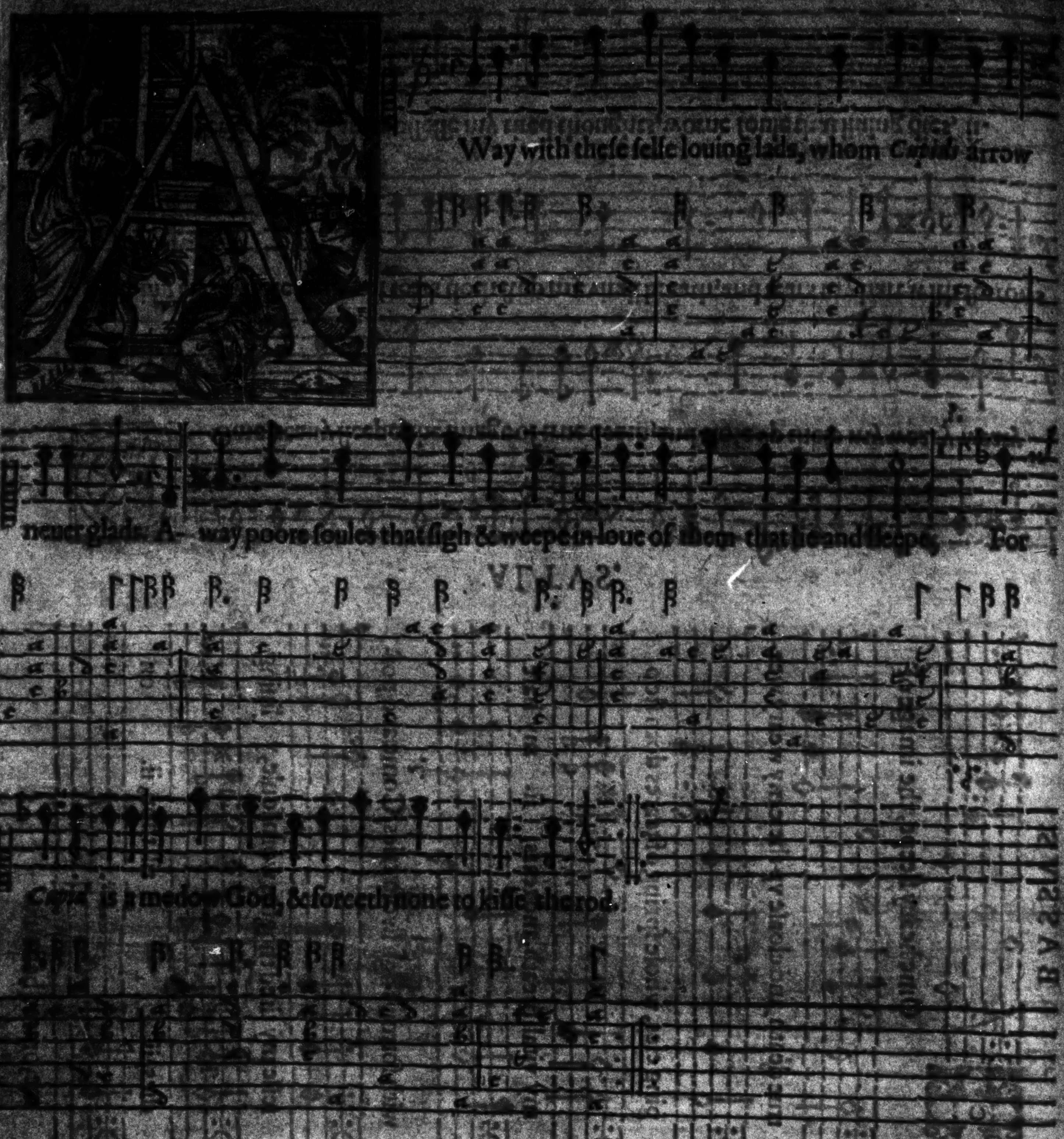

Ome heauy sleepe, the image of true death, and close vp these my weary weary
weeping eies, whose spring of teares doth stop my vitall breath, and teares my hart with sorrows
sigh swoln cries, Come and possesse my tired thoughts, worne soule that liuing dies, ii.
till thou on me on me bestoule.

BASSVS.


Ome heauy sleepe, the image of
true death, and close vp these my weary wee-
ping eies, whose spring of teares doth stop.
my vitall breath, and teares, ii. my hart
with sorrows sigh swoln cries, Come and pos-
sesse my tired thoughts worne soule, ii. liuing
dies, ii. till thou, ii. on
me, on me bestoule.

TENOR.


Ome heauy sleepe, heauy sleepe, the image of true death, and close vp these,
my weary, ii. weeping eies, whose spring of teares doth stop my vitall breath, & teares my
hart with sorrows, sigh swolne cries, Come and possesse my tired thoughts worne soule, that
liuing dies, ii. till thou on me on me bestoule.


A
Way with these selfe louing lads, whom Cupids arrow
neuer glads. A- way poore soules that sigh & weepe in loue of them that lie and sleepe, For
Cupid is a medow God, & forceth none to kisse the rod.

God Cupids shaft like destinie,
Doth either good or ill decree:
Desert is borne out of his bow,
Reward vpon his foote doth go,
What fooles are they that haue not knowne
That loue likes no lawes but his owne.

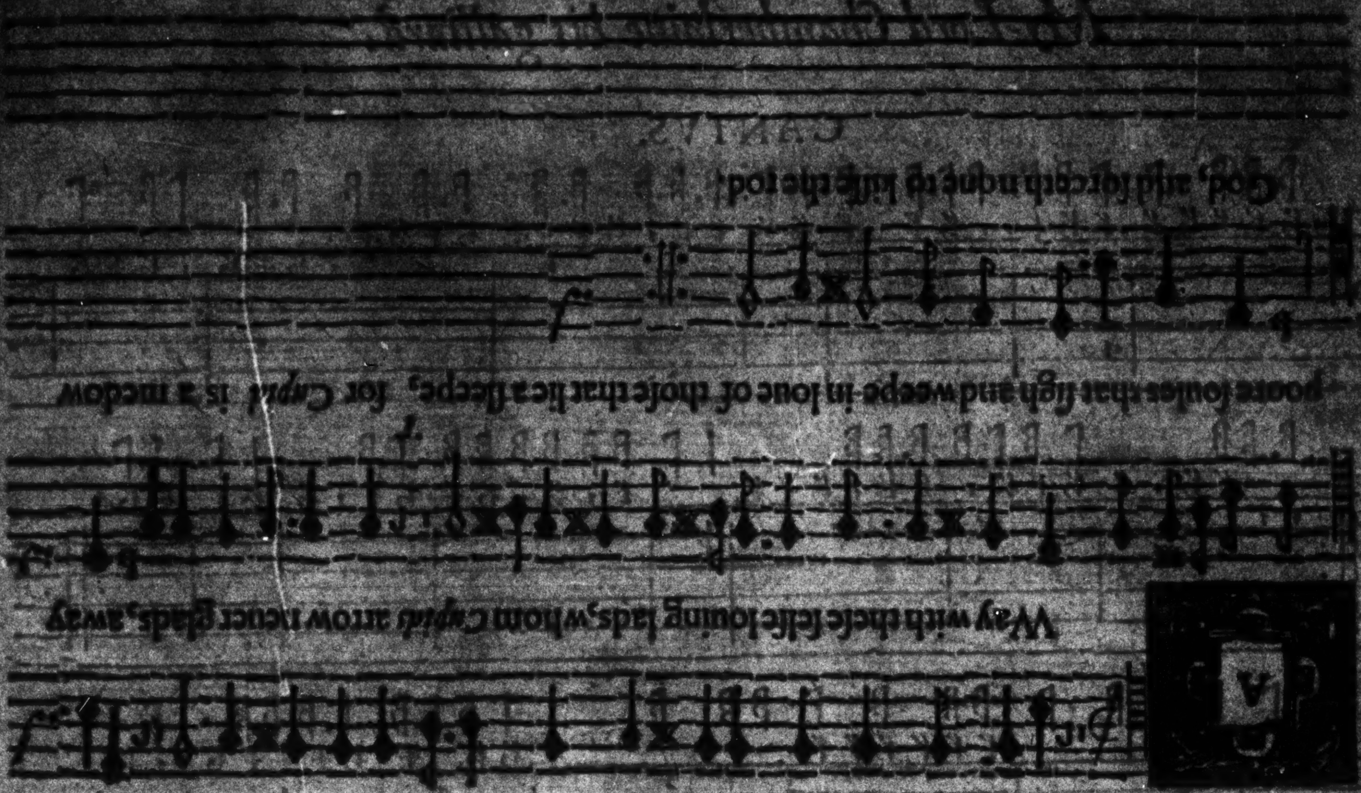
3

My songs they be of *Cinthias* praise,
I weare her ringes on holidayes,
On euery tree I write her name,
And euery day I read the same.
Where honour *Cupids* riuall is,
There miracles are seene of his.

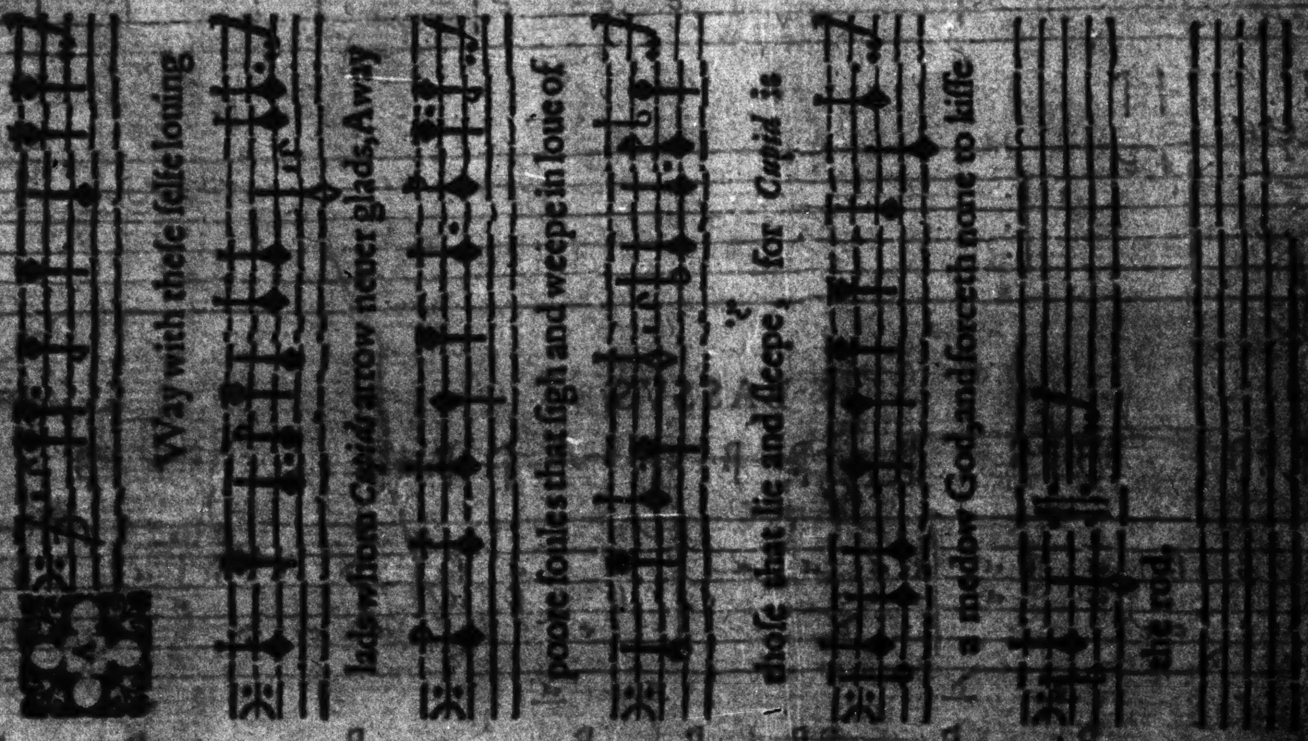
If *Cinthia* craue her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree,
If doubt do darken things held deare,
Then well fare nothing once a yeare:
For many runne, but one must win,
Fooles onely hedge the Cuckoo in.

The worth that worthinesse should moue,
Is loue, which is the bow of loue,
And loue as well the foster can,
As can the mighty Noble man:
Sweet nimph tis true you worthy be,
Yet without loue nought worth to me.

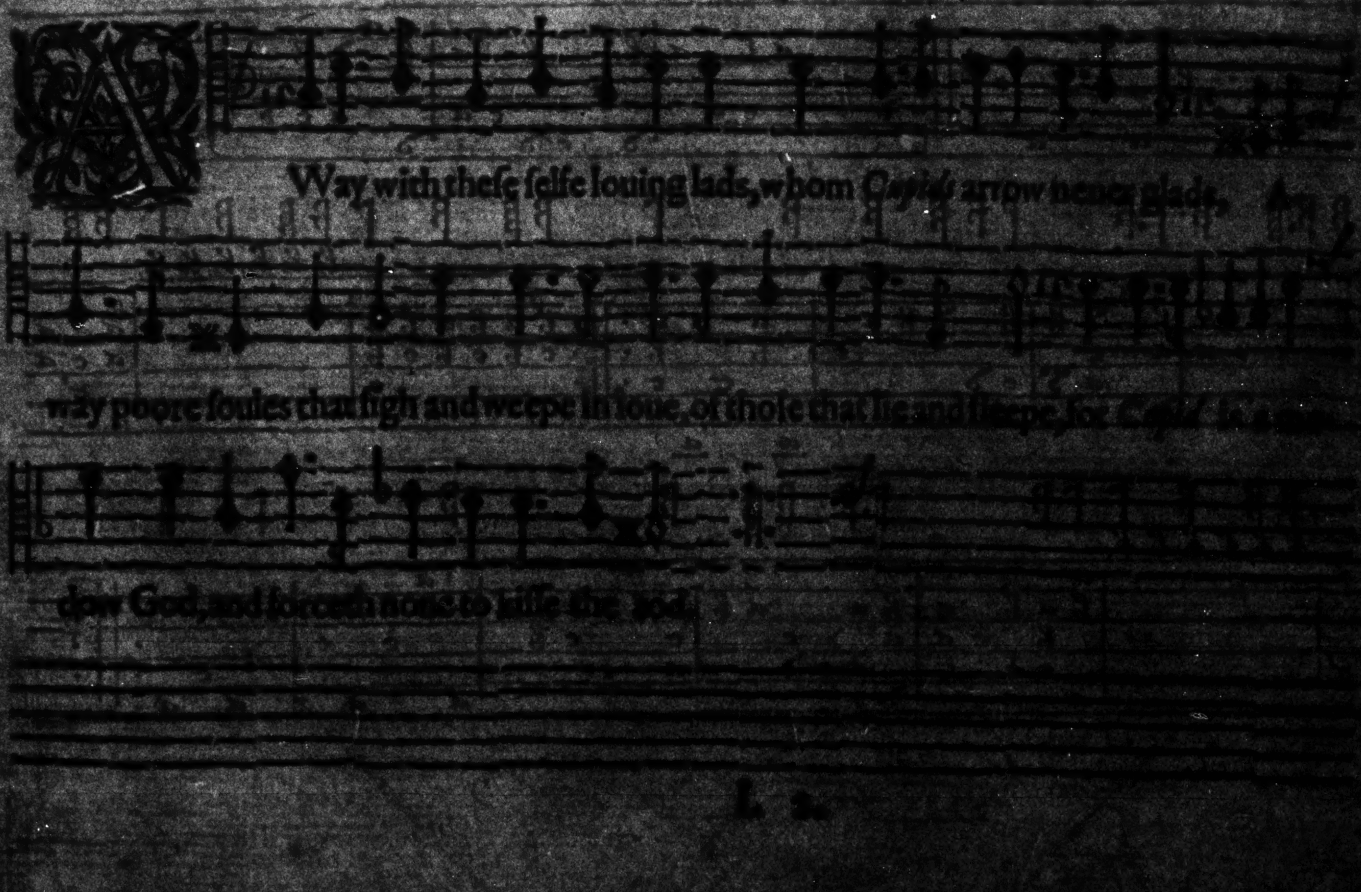
ALTVS.


Way with theſe ſelfe louing lads, whom *Cupids* arrow neuer glads, away
poore ſoules that ſigh and weepe in loue of thoſe that lie a ſleepe, for *Cupid* is a medow
God, and forceth none to kiſſe the rod.

BASSVS.

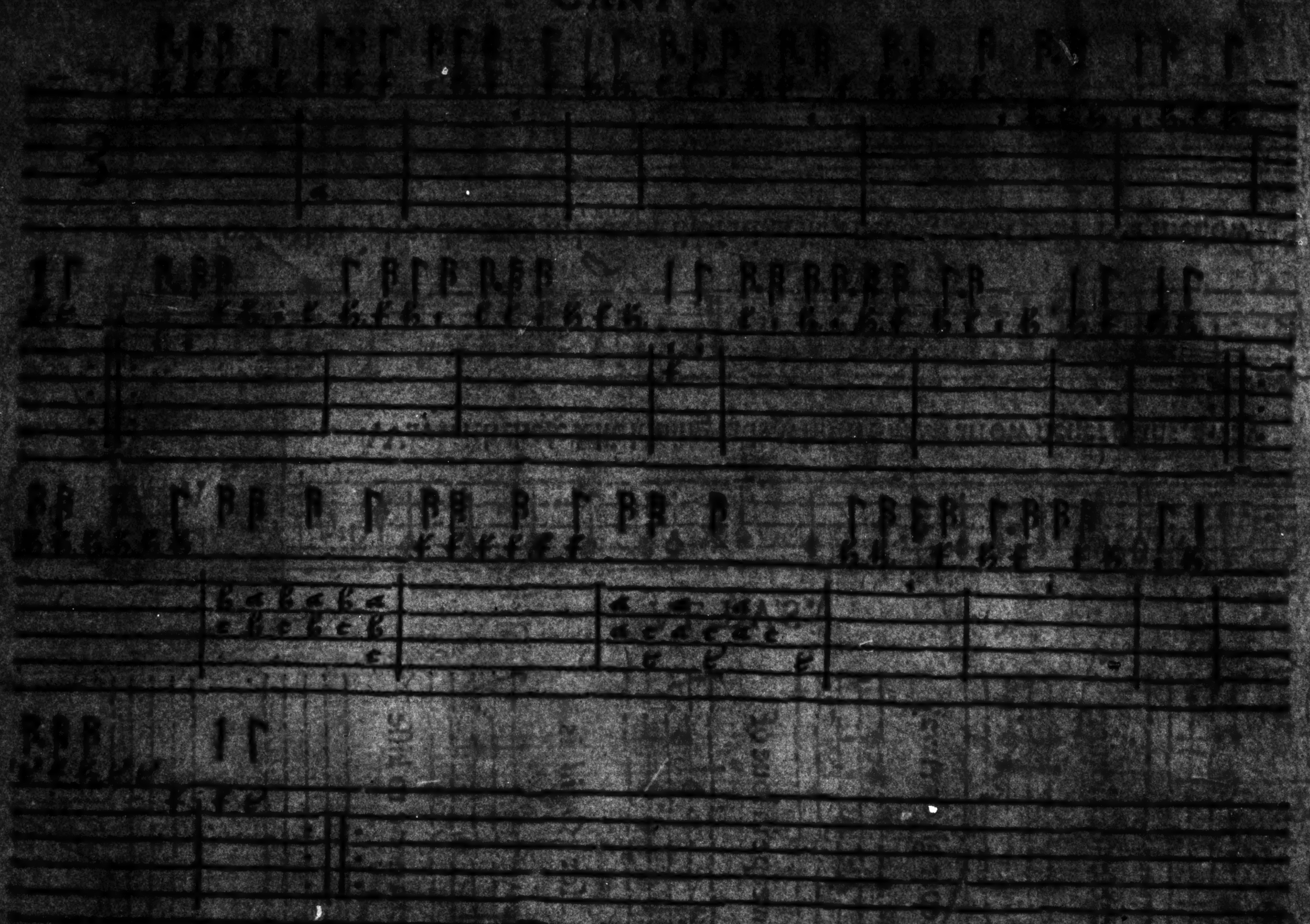

Way with theſe ſelfe louing
lads, whom *Cupids* arrow neuer glads, Away
poore ſoules that ſigh and weepe in loue of
thoſe that lie and ſleepe, for *Cupid* is
a medow God, and forceth none to kiſſe
the rod.

TENOR.

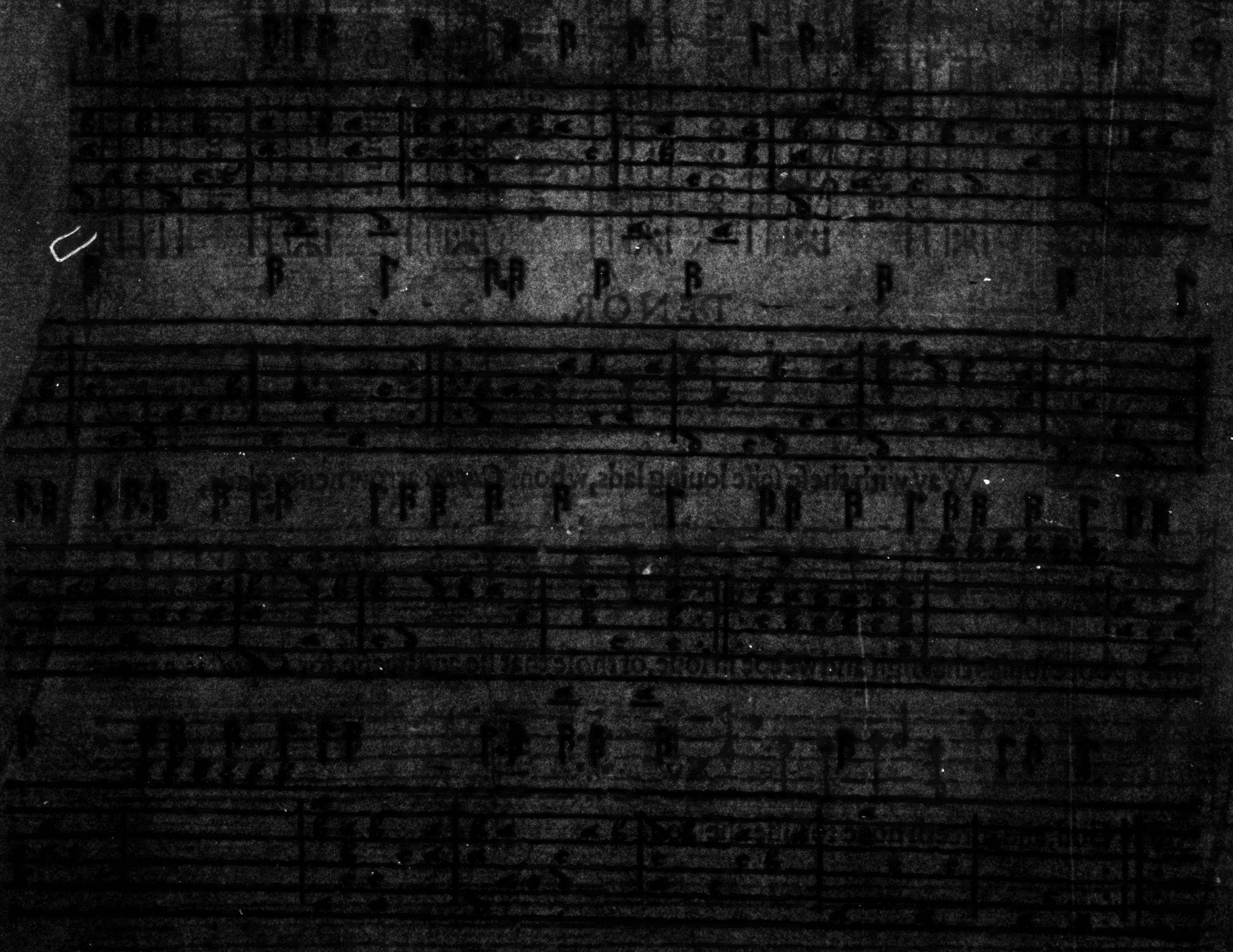

Way with theſe ſelfe louing lads, whom *Cupids* arrow neuer glads, A-
way poore ſoules that ſigh and weepe in loue, of thoſe that lie and ſleepe, for *Cupid* is a me-
dow God, and forceth none to kiſſe the rod.

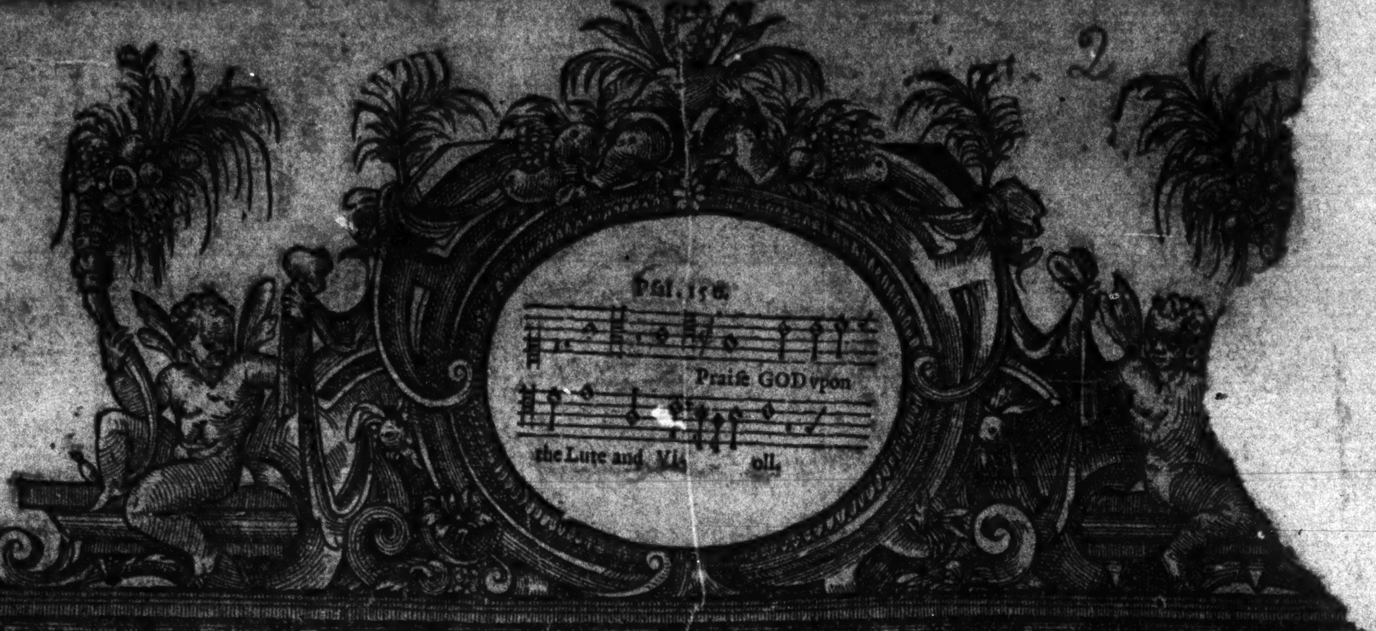
My Lord Chamberlaine his galliard.

CANTVS.



BASSVS.




Psal. 150.
Praiſe GOD vpon
the Lute and Vi- oll.

THE
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# of Songs or Ayres,

of 2.4.and 5.parts:
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